HARPER'S WEEKLY
A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 1447.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1884.

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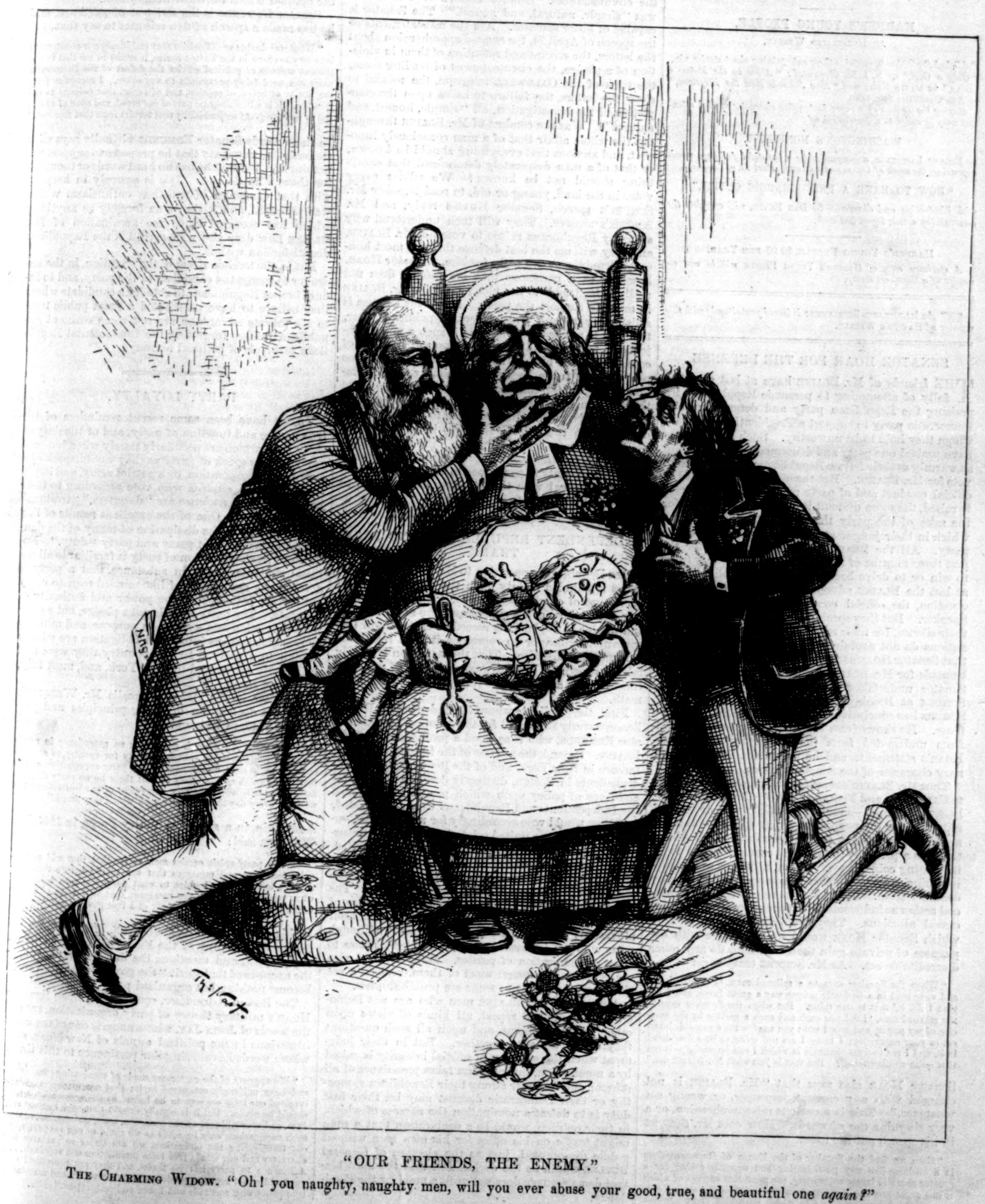

"OUR FRIENDS, THE ENEMY."

THE CHARMING WIDOW. "Oh! you naughty, naughty men, will you ever abuse your good, true, and beautiful one *again?*"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 13, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

Published September 9, contains three entertaining short stories, viz., "Only a Girl," by N. I. N., *illustrated; "Alone in the Enemy's Camp," by* David Ker; *and "How Johnnie Saw the Elephant," by* Ada Carleton Stoddard.

Among the articles of a more instructive character special attention may be called to a description of

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT,

by Eugene Lawrence, *accompanied by a beautiful full-page wood-engraving, the work of* Charles Graham. *Part II. of*

"HOW TO MAKE A PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT,"

with illustration and diagrams, by Dan Beard, *will complete the entertaining article begun last week.*

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

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☞ *An* Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

SENATOR HOAR FOR THE DEFENSE.

THE friends of Mr. Blaine have at last seen the folly of attempting to persuade Republicans by praising the Republican party and denouncing the Democratic party to support a Presidential candidate whom they hold to be unworthy. Such Republicans have praised one party and denounced the other quite as warmly as their fellow-Republicans who propose to vote for Mr. Blaine. But the higher the standard of official conduct and of party principle and character is raised, the more difficult it is to show them that for the sake of the party they ought to do something which in their judgment is entirely unworthy of the party. All the Blaine speeches, therefore, for the first three months of the campaign were totally futile to win or to drive back protesting Republicans, and at last the Blaine advocates begin to treat the real question, the official conduct of Mr. Blaine when Speaker. But they speak only to show how wise was their silence, for their reluctant and unwilling explanations do not explain. It may be safely assumed that Senator Hoar's letter is the best defense that can be made for Mr. Blaine's railway transactions. The Senator undertakes to traverse the speech of Mr. Schurz at Brooklyn. But in a cogent reply Mr. Schurz has conclusively disposed of the Senator's defense. He shows from Mr. Blaine's own letters and from undisputed facts the inaccuracy of Senator Hoar's statements, and he points out the extraordinary character of the Senator's ethics.

Thus Mr. Blaine's repeated and persistent reminder to Caldwell and Fisher that his ruling had virtually saved the road—a reminder which was renewed and reiterated for the purpose of aiding him in obtaining a pecuniary interest in the speculation—Mr. Hoar treats as a perfectly natural and casual allusion to an interesting coincidence. Casual allusions to interesting coincidences are never suspicious, and require no demonstration. But persistent references to past official action as inducement for pecuniary favors are not casual allusions. They are intimations of a kind which Senator Hoar would no more give with the purpose of private gain than he would do any other discreditable act. As Mr. Schurz truly says:

> "When the Speaker says to a railroad man, 'I rendered you and your road in a perfectly proper way a great favor, and I am glad I did it,' that is one thing. But when the Speaker says to the railroad man, 'I did you such and such a service by the exercise of my power, and now I want you to give me a valuable interest in your enterprise; I know I am not going to be a dead-head in it, and I see various channels in which I can be useful'—is not that quite another thing? But that is just what Mr. Blaine did."

Senator Hoar also says that "Mr. Blaine is not charged with any corrupt, improper, or wrong act whatever." This is a curious misapprehension, or a very singular use of words. How does Mr. Schurz in his speech put the case?

> "Here we find the Speaker of the House of Representatives in a business-like way participating and urgently asking for a greater share in larger enterprises, the pecuniary success of which is in a great measure dependent on the action of the same House over which he presides, and in which he wields great power—*for the purpose of getting rich.* We find him pointing out the exercise of his official power as a channel in which he already has made himself useful, and consequently can make himself more useful, in order to obtain more of a valuable interest in such an enterprise, thus literally trading upon his official trust and opportunities. To cover up these things we find him resorting to all sorts of barefaced untruths, deceptions, and concealments on the most solemn occasions. The concealments resorted to, and the side perspectives opened by the official investigation, are fully sufficient to justify the inference that the case disclosed is only one of many. We find that he did get rich while in office, without any other regular business. His most devoted friend publicly admits his fortune to be about half a million, while the estimates of others go far beyond that. But the lowest estimate, half a million, is wealth not only to any one starting with nothing, but to all of our countrymen except a few. This is the character of the case."

Is there no improper or wrong act here? Is not such conduct in the strictest sense an act, and can it be truly said that to be charged with such conduct is not to be accused of wrongful acts? The Speaker's conduct is to be judged by the whole of it, and by all the circumstances. Senator Hoar's view is that it was "simple, natural, and honest." The Senator is capable of bitter sarcasm. Are the misstatements of the speech of April 24, the excited apprehension about the letters, the seizure and retention of them in violation of a pledge, the circumstances of reading them, the trick of the Caldwell telegram, the refusal to show the letters, the failure to insist upon the completion of the investigation, all "simple, honest, and natural"? Was the conduct of Mr. Blaine throughout the whole affair that of a man consciously innocent, and anxious that everything should be known, or that of a man desperately determined that everything should not be known? We advise every voter in the land, young or old, to read together Mr. Schurz's speech, Senator Hoar's reply, and Mr. Schurz's answer. They will then understand why so many Republicans refuse to vote for Mr. Blaine, and they will see the best defense that the most honest of Republicans can make for him. Senator Hoar, however, as if conscious that his defense does not really defend, adds to it a plea to vote for Mr. Blaine in order to support the party. But if his defense is satisfactory to any Independent Republican voter, this plea is unnecessary, because if such a voter's objections to the candidate are removed, he will, of course, vote for him. If they are not removed, the party plea is futile, because it is simply an exhortation to support the candidate because of the party. If the question were merely of personal preference, this plea would be good. But as a plea to support a candidate whom the voter believes to have "marketed his official power for private gain," the reply to it is that of the Massachusetts Republican Convention of 1879, that the duty of party men to support a nomination is reciprocal with that of party Conventions to make nominations fit to be supported.

INDEPENDENT REPUBLICANS AND FREE TRADE.

The Republican opposition to Mr. Blaine in all the States is founded mainly upon the official record of his misuse of official position for his private advantage. But those of his supporters who are unwilling and unable to explain his record so as to annul this opposition endeavor to represent it as a free-trade movement in disguise. That this assertion is wholly false is shown in several ways, any one of which is conclusive to anybody who really wishes to know the truth.

First, the candidate whom the Independent Republicans warmly supported for the nomination was Senator Edmunds, who is as good a protectionist as Mr. Blaine. Second, the address of the Independent Conference in New York, and of the Republicans and Independents in Boston, distinctly declared that on all questions of policy upon which parties were divided the Independents and Republicans were also divided, and they would vote accordingly for members of Congress. They were united solely in demanding unsuspected official integrity for the highest office. Third, there are no more resolute and plain-spoken adherents of the Independent movement than the extremest protectionists like Henry C. Lea, of Philadelphia. The Independents have adopted no platform because of this diversity of view, and for the same reason their movement is not a new party movement, although some who are interested in it undoubtedly desire to see a reorganization of parties. Many of them also are revenue reformers; most of them, probably, are civil service reformers; some are prohibitionists.

Among the anti-Blaine men who are not Democrats there are, we repeat, all kinds of views upon other public questions, and upon all such questions they would not vote together. But in their judgment when the question of official integrity is raised by a nomination, that question takes precedence of all others; and however strong their Republican sympathy or their Democratic distrust may be, their first duty is to defeat a nomination the success of which, in their opinion, would be a declaration that a man might traffic on his office for his own gain without public disapproval, just as the election of General Butler would be the declaration that the most blatant demagoguery does not unfit a man for the Presidency.

SENATOR EDMUNDS'S VIEW.

Senator Edmunds's opinion of Mr. Blaine is no secret. The Brattleborough *Reformer* has stated the substance of a letter written by the Senator four years ago—a letter which was seen by "possibly *not less than a hundred prominent Republicans* in the State," and the authenticity of which is not questioned. In that letter Mr. Edmunds said, substantially:

> "It is my deliberate opinion that Mr. Blaine acts as the attorney of Jay Gould. Whenever Mr. Thurman and I have settled upon legislation to bring the Pacific railroads to terms of equity with the government, up has jumped James G. Blaine, musket in hand, from behind the breastworks of Gould's lobby, to fire in our back."

The attack upon Senator Edmunds in the Phelps letter, which was not published, of course, without Mr. Blaine's knowledge and approval, and which was virtually his act, was the act of a man conscious of the opinion which the other held of him.

Senator Edmunds is the strictest of partisans, and he has made a speech of five minutes to say that

> "Whatever doubts or difficulties may embarrass our countrymen here or elsewhere in the United States, it seems to me that in the present attitude of political affairs the defeat of the Democratic party is a need fairly paramount to any other. I recognize fully the liberty of belief, of opinion, and of action that belongs to citizenship. It is a fundamental part of our creed, and none of us can fail to feel the great responsibility that results from that freedom."

In these words Senator Edmunds virtually says with General Chamberlain that he proposes to support the nomination, but that he has no hard words or thoughts for those who do not. This is scarcely in keeping with that campaign of resistless enthusiasm which was promised, and it shows as forcibly as anything which has occurred since the nomination of Mr. Blaine how deep and wide-spread is the Republican dissatisfaction with it.

But in the terrible stress of the situation, in the endeavor to merge the candidate in the party, and to induce honest Republicans to vote for a candidate whom they believe to have prostituted a great public trust to his private advantage, are not some eminent Republican leaders forgetting the fundamental Republican principle of political honesty?

PARTY LOYALTY.

There have been some recent reminders of the true nature and function of party, and of the duty of party men, which are peculiarly timely when honored party leaders speak of party as they would speak of a church, or a corporation, or a patriot army, and imply that American citizens who vote according to their judgment and conscience are "deserters," "traitors," or "apostates." One of the excellent results of this campaign will be the dissipation of many of the dangerous fallacies about party and party "duty." Edmund Burke's definition of party is familiar to all political students. It is, in substance, that a party is a voluntary association of like-minded men to carry out certain policies with the power and authority of the state. The party bond is not a pledge, but a common conviction and a common purpose, and military or ecclesiastical discipline and obligation are wholly foreign to a party. In this country they were first stringently introduced in New York, and, most fitly, by Aaron Burr.

A writer in the *Atlantic* recalls Mr. Webster's draft of a declaration of Whig principles and purposes in 1840, in which he says:

> "Party spirit,....when it gains such an ascendency in men's minds as leads them to substitute party for country, to seek no ends but party ends, no approbation but party approbation, and to fear no reproach or contumely so that there be no party dissatisfaction, not only alloys the true enjoyment of our institutions, but weakens every day the foundations on which they stand."

And again, in a speech at Valley Forge, in 1844, Mr. Webster said:

> "When party spirit carries men so far that they will not inquire into men and measures that are placed before them for support, but will only inquire to what party the men belong, or what party recommends the measures, that is a state of things which is dangerous to the stability of a free government."

In his eulogy upon Washington, Mr. Webster refers to the warning of the Farewell Address against party spirit, and mentions the danger that through the excesses of that spirit "the government itself may become nothing but organized party."

The Boston *Advertiser*, commenting upon Senator Hoar's military theory of party organization, recalls the words of John Jay, whose name is one of the most illustrious in the political annals of New York, and whose words have a singular pertinence to this time:

> "We approve of the customary mode of nominating candidates, and have uniformly concurred in it; that concurrence certainly involved our tacit consent to be bound by the nomination which should be made. But it is equally certain that such consent did, does, and ever will rest on the condition, trust, and confidence that such nominations only be made as we could or can support without transferring the obligations we are under to preserve our character and our minds free from humiliation and reproach.... Adherence to party has its limits, and they are prescribed and marked by that supreme wisdom which has united and associated true policy with rectitude and honor and self-respect."

AN ERROR AGAIN CORRECTED.

We are sorry to see that Senator Hoar has been misled by the republication in papers that support Mr. Blaine of an article in Harper's Weekly of May 13, 1876, so far as to assert that the editor of this paper has declared that "Mr. Blaine's vindication of the principal charge against him was triumphant."

Senator Hoar is, of course, unaware that the article was published in Harper's Weekly dated May 13, 1876. The article stated, with other Republican papers at the time, that in the absence of further evidence the assertion of Mr. Blaine was a thorough exculpation. The evidence in the case was then, however, unknown, including the existence of the Mulligan letters. All was rumor, and "further evidence" did not appear until after the publication of the paper, and the Mulligan letters were not made public until early in June. In other words, the real facts of the case and their apparent significance were not known until long after the article in the Weekly of May 13 was written. The letters and the investigation supplied the further evidence, in the absence of which the speech of the 24th of April was said to be a complete vindication.

The statement of Senator Hoar, therefore, conveys an entirely incorrect impression, because it necessarily implies that in the opinion of the editor Mr. Blaine's speech of the 24th of April completely and satisfactorily explained the facts which the Mulligan letters and the investigation revealed—an opinion which the editor does not hold.

VERMONT AND MAINE.

The State election in Vermont is, of course, a Republican victory. Vermont, as Senator Edmunds said, is the Republican pole-star. The reduced vote in a Presidential year, and with a popular candidate, means only that the Republican protest has reached to the Green Mountain State, and it shows that genuine enthusiasm is impossible for a national nomination which a multitude of the strongest Republicans can not support.

The result in Maine will be known when this paper is issued. Every effort has been made to poll a very large Republican vote, and to secure a majority which may be cited as the verdict of the candidate's own State in his favor. There is no reason to suppose that such opposition to the Presidential candidate as exists in the State will be felt at this election, except that in Mr. Reed's Congressional district there is the open Republican opposition of General Chamberlain and his friends. They oppose Mr. Reed in the exercise of the same independence which compels so many Republicans to oppose Mr. Blaine.

The Republican campaign in Maine has been directed against the Democrats and the Independent Republicans. Of the latter there have been extraordinary stories told from the stump, and every motive has been ascribed to their movement except the obvious and acknowledged one. In both Maine and Vermont the strength of the protest can not be known until the November election. But it has already shown the great error of the nomination. From no other candidate would there have been such a revolt, for from no other candidate did the reasons for such a revolt exist.

SENATOR ANTHONY.

The death of Senator Anthony has been long expected, and it releases him from a suffering which was beyond remedy. He was a public man of long and honorable service, who filled every station to which he was called with dignity and grace. As the editor of the Providence *Journal*, and Governor and Senator, he was the most important political figure in the State, and in his death Rhode Island loses the most successful politician in her history.

In other years Senator Anthony's crisp and pungent paragraphs in the *Journal* were very notable and influential, and his paper was one of the half-dozen leading journals in New England. It was by paragraphs rather than by elaborate editorial articles that he preferred to affect opinion, and in the Senate it was by his occasional brief speeches, which were often singularly felicitous, and not by participation in debate or by prolonged orations, that he took part in the proceedings.

He was a devoted party man, and his political experience and judgment made him a wise counsellor. At home he had the reputation of a shrewd manager, and his party will not easily find so well-trained a leader. Yet for a long time there have been complaints that his rule was too absolute, and that good politics required more freedom and independence than his sway permitted. Senator Anthony's social sympathies and his literary tastes made him a very pleasant companion, and his conversation was full of interesting political reminiscence. He had become the Father of the Senate, and no Senator would be more sincerely mourned by his associates than this courteous gentleman and devoted and faithful legislator.

RIOTOUS EXCURSIONS.

Like all great cities, New York is infested by "gangs" of ruffians, who in New York, by reason of the peculiarly intimate relations that subsist between "politics" and crime, go less in fear of the police than in other cities. It is gratifying, however, to know that the New York ruffian does not feel himself entirely untrammelled and at liberty to pursue the impulses of his beautiful nature so long as he is on shore and within the jurisdiction of the police. It is not so gratifying to know that he betakes himself to the "excursion," where he finds himself as unfettered by conventional restraints as if he were with El Mahdi in the Soudan, and can let loose his fund of animal spirits upon peaceable passengers without fear of molestation.

The wanton murder that has lately been committed in the bay of New York is a novelty in excursions. The hilarity commonly stops at mayhem, or even at severe personal contusions. But it is none the less true that there is absolutely no protection for peaceable passengers upon these excursions against organized bands of ruffians, who are in a manner organized by the very fact of being ruffians. It often happens that such passengers are put and kept in terror of their lives during the whole progress of excursions, which are continuous riots, occasionally varied by invasions of peaceful rural neighborhoods, and levying tribute from the terrified inhabitants thereof.

The murder in New York Bay last week was so atrocious in its circumstances, the murderers robbing the body of their victim and fighting for hours in its presence, that it has attracted public attention to the helplessness of peaceable excursionists, whose only chance of breathing fresh air involves the risk of being turned loose among a band of savages. It is not easy to say what should be done. It has been suggested that the owners of the vessels used for excursions should be compelled to keep and pay an adequate force of policemen, such as are now detailed, at the cost of the applicants, for service at hotels and banks and ferries. This scheme would involve an increase of the police force during the excursion season, and would therefore require legislation, and it would be embarrassed by several difficulties of detail. But it is plain that these excursions must be either regulated or suppressed. It is intolerable that excursions should leave and return to the greatest of American cities almost daily during the summer season which are parties of pleasure to persons of a riotous and murderous turn of mind, and to nobody else.

A "PRESUMPTIVE CASE" EXPOSED.

The Boston *Journal*, one of the most virulent of the Blaine newspapers, recently said:

> "Mr. Schurz's repeated and much-talked-of 'rulings' in favor of the Northern Pacific interests during his Secretaryship of the Interior, when viewed in connection with Mr. Villard's friendship and Mr. Schurz's subsequent connection with the *Evening Post*, afford a far stronger presumptive case against Mr. Schurz for any enemy who might wish to use it, than any 'rulings' of Mr. Blaine can possibly be made to sustain against him. We do not believe that Mr. Schurz was a dishonest official. But we urge the people of this country, if they have any regard for their own high interests, to cease and to rebuke this cankering hypercriticism of public men."

"Cankering hypercriticism" is undoubtedly bad, but so is gross and careless misrepresentation. Mr. Schurz disposed of this kind of insinuation long before the nomination of Mr. Blaine, by stating:

1. That at the time when these rulings were made, Mr. Henry Villard had no connection with the Northern Pacific Railroad.
2. That the rulings were made by Attorney-General Devens, and not by Mr. Schurz, although Mr. Schurz's name was appended to them *pro forma*. This statement was confirmed by a letter of General Devens published at the time.
3. That the rulings were in conformity with decisions of the Supreme Court, which have been followed by every Administration since.

Will the *Journal* now make as clear, clean, and complete a disposition of the case which Mr. Blaine makes against himself?

THE ALDERMEN AND BROADWAY.

When the General Surface Railroad Bill was under discussion at Albany last winter, it was proposed to make compulsory the sale of the franchises to be granted under it by the local authorities. Some plausible reasons were urged against that course, which is abstractly not always the best one, and the bill, as passed, provides that the local authorities may, "at their option," expose the franchise to sale.

It is tolerably well known in New York that the committal of anything to the discretion of the Board of Aldermen is an invitation to breach of trust on the part of that body. Still few people can have expected so cynical and indecent a defiance of public opinion as was issued by that body—first, in giving away a franchise for which projectors have been willing, any time these twenty years, to pay large sums of money; and secondly, in meeting stealthily to confirm this gift in spite of the Mayor's veto, and in spite of a clear showing that they were throwing away at least a million dollars of the city's money.

Of course the men who did this invited the imputation to themselves of the very worst motives, but the effrontery of their action is even more obvious than the considerations which induced it. Eleven years have elapsed since Tweed was sentenced, and eleven years is a space long enough to rub out from the memory of Aldermen the exemplary lesson of Tweed's sentence. The Aldermen have become accustomed to being treated as public enemies. It is true that they have earned this treatment by behaving as public enemies, but the treatment has none the less hardened their hearts and their foreheads, until they have come to look upon any measure by which their constituents can be despoiled as a lawful and meritorious act of war. There is need of a renewal of the example furnished by the punishment of the Tweed ring. If any incautious Alderman has left any evidence by which it can be made to appear that the surrender of Broadway was not a wanton surrender of the city's rights, but the result of a bargain by which the Aldermen got a share of what the city lost, such an Alderman will unwittingly have done more public service than all the Aldermen together have ever rendered in their official capacities.

Whether this result can be brought about or not, the powerlessness of the Board of Aldermen for good and its power for mischief have again been so fully shown that it would be sheer folly to go on giving its members opportunities to betray the city. The history of municipal legislation for ten years and more shows the gradual diminution of the power of the Aldermen, until no important civic function is left them except that of selling public franchises under pretense of giving them away. Nobody can point to any public inconvenience that would be entailed by abolishing a board which can only be trusted to do its remianing duties when its members are frightened into a momentary deference to public opinion.

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, illustrator, painter, and author, is making a lengthened tour among his old haunts in the White Mountains and the Berkshire Hills, of which his pen and pencil have so often spoken eloquently to the readers of the Harper periodicals. We are glad to announce that Mr. Gibson is filling his portfolio and his memory with materials for a series of new articles in Harper's Magazine. His position is altogether unique among contemporaneous artists, and his originality is as striking as the delicacy of his fancy and his touch, and the celebrity of his well-earned success.

—*London Society*, in a recent issue, thus pleasantly refers to the visit abroad of the author of *Betsey and I Are Out*: "It may not be generally known that Will Carleton, the well-known American poet, is at present on a visit to London. Mr. Carleton is one of the few poets who can recite with dramatic effect their own poems, and his success on the platform has only been exceeded by his popularity as a writer. One of his best entertainments is called 'The Science of Home.' We understand that he has agreed to give twelve recitals between October 1 and 16."

—A beautiful chapel by the sea, with low-pitched roof, vaulted nave, and side-aisle arches suggestive of Brittany, has been erected by Mr. Samuel D. Craig, at Quogue, Long Island. Certain Italian features in the cathedral glass windows, the cross, and the vane, together with some Swiss reminiscences in the diminutive shingling of parts of the interior, enter into an *ensemble* of quaint picturesqueness which refreshingly contrasts with the terrors of much of our modern ecclesiastical architecture. The plans are from designs by Mr. S. V. Stratton.

—The Governor of Vermont, the Hon. Samuel E. Pingree, of whom a portrait appeared in this journal on July 12, has just been re-elected. His administration has been honest, sagacious, and efficient, and he is deservedly popular throughout his State.

—The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who has again been nominated for Congress as the farmers' candidate in the Third Minnesota District, is the author of that very successful and brilliant book, *Atlantis, the Antediluvian World*, in which he undertakes to demonstrate that the Atlantis myth is a reminiscence of the first civilized nation that ever existed.

—Alma-Tadema has submitted for the critical inspection of the Germans at the Royal Academy exhibition in Berlin a life-size portrait of his daughter. She wears a gray dress and a shell necklace.

—The perils of operatic managers are imminent when least expected. That mild-mannered man Carl Rosa refused to give a free ticket to the wife of one of his troupe, who wanted to witness a performance in Dublin. The injured husband protested, and Mr. Rosa dealt him an angry blow which caused a fight, and left the impressario with a black eye. Our own Colonel Mapleson is less warlike.

—Mr. Froude is finishing the last volume of his biography of Carlyle, and Carlyle's admirers are sorry that he did not burn some of his biographical bequests before he died.

—King Alfonso is still in consumption, with little hope of recovery, while his Austrian wife, now the regent-apparent, was never so unpopular. Spain seems again to be on the road to the republic.

—Poor Carlotta, ex-Empress of Mexico, spends only a few thousands a year in her mad-house, and the accumulated interest of her immense fortune has become enormous. Her heirs will be her brothers.

—The ex-Empress Eugénie is drinking mineral water at Carlsbad. She dresses in deep mourning and leans on a black cane. Her companions are the wife of General Bourbaki, and M. Pétrie, who in the days of her splendor was Prefect of Police.

—Certain recent drawings by "that interesting artist Mr. F. D. Millet," to quote the words of the London *Times*, have been receiving admiration in the English capital.

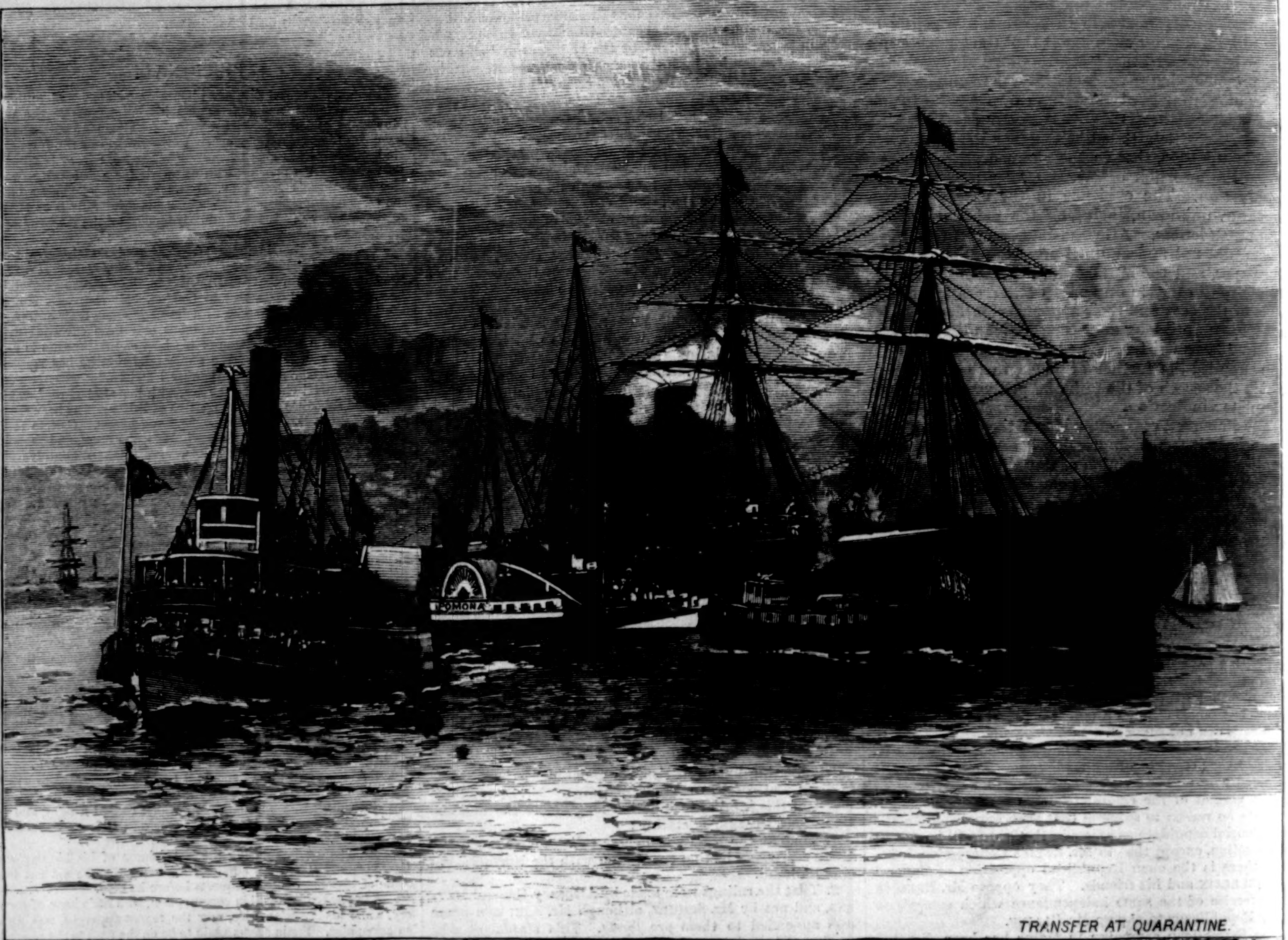
—George Sand's house at Nohant, France, is regarded by her family with reverence. All the clocks in the rooms were stopped at the hour of her death, and have never run since; the furniture and hangings of her boudoir remain as they were during her lifetime, her grand piano is in its old place, and her books are just as she left them.

—At a dinner recently in this city, Mr. Carl Schurz told an amusing story. "I was walking up Broadway," he said, "when I saw a good-looking, massively built man coming toward me. I knew who it was at once, though I had never been in his presence before. I could not help smiling at the excellence of the gentleman's likeness as portrayed by the caricaturists. Evidently he recognized me too, from the many ludicrous pictures that have been drawn of me, for his face, like mine, was on a broad grin. We knew each other at once. We had been pictorially introduced. We both laughed simultaneously, touched our hats, and passed on. The man was John Kelly."

—If the report is true that Mr. Henry M. Stanley will soon lecture in this country on his experiences in Equatorial Africa, he may expect a good bank account. Overdone as the lecture business is, the hero of the Congo would draw a full house every time, especially if, like Mrs. Langtry, he should have a pagan boy with him, or, like Mr. Cable, should sing dialect songs, or, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, should have taken lessons in elocution, or, like Mr. Mark Twain, should whistle.

—Mr. Inyoné, the Foreign Minister of Japan, lives in a charming cottage in the neighborhood of Tokio, which he has caused to be furnished in part in European and in part in Japanese style. The woods used in the interior are highly polished, and the coloring of the walls and ceilings would please a French artist. The Japanese have done so much for modern European art that they certainly are entitled to as much of our art as they may care to use.

—A writer in the London *World* objects to the award of a pension of $1250 a year to Mr. Matthew Arnold. "No one," he says, "will deny that Mr. Arnold is a poet of much and insufficiently appreciated beauty, or that he is a considerable and a salutary force in modern literature. But he is also a servant of the state—an inspector of schools—handsomely remunerated at the present moment, and entitled at no distant date to a substantial retiring allowance. Mr. Arnold is more than this: he is an eminently successful man of letters. He commands, and has long since commanded, the highest sums in the literary market. He has also been in receipt of his full salary as a public official. In addition to this, his employers—that is to say, the state—which now gratuitously subsidizes him, made him, not long ago, a free grant of time in which to visit America, and to reap a substantial harvest of pecuniary success. Mr. Arnold is a polished and popular person in London society; he is the inheritor of a great name, and he has powerful friends in high places. It is difficult to conceive of a grosser abuse of that prerogative which the right of nomination to Civil List pensions places in the hands of Mr. Gladstone. If Mr. Matthew Arnold's case is to be regarded as a precedent, an agitation against the Civil List pensions is inevitable." We venture the opinion that the spirit of such remarks meets with little sympathy from Englishmen who have read Matthew Arnold's books.



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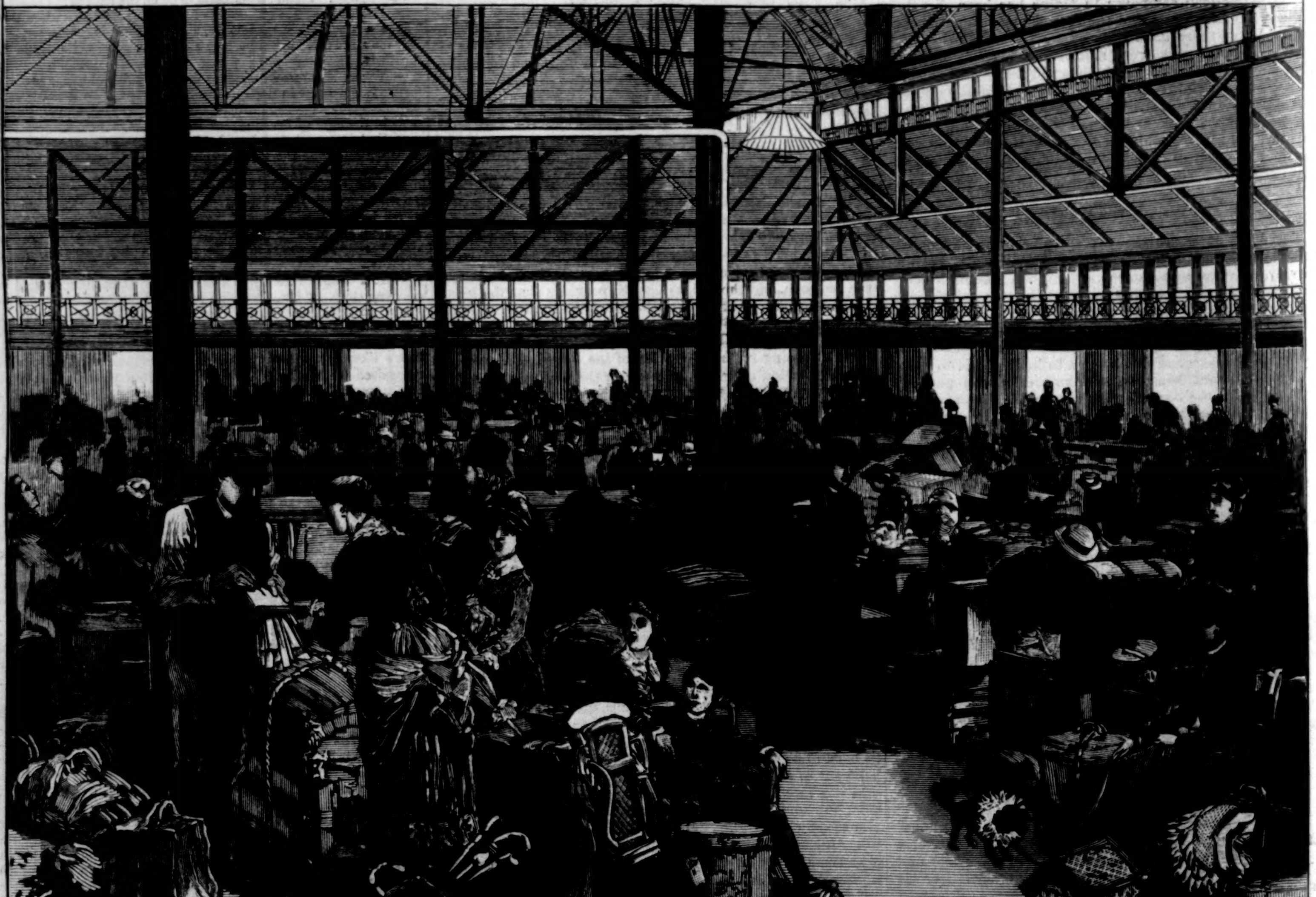
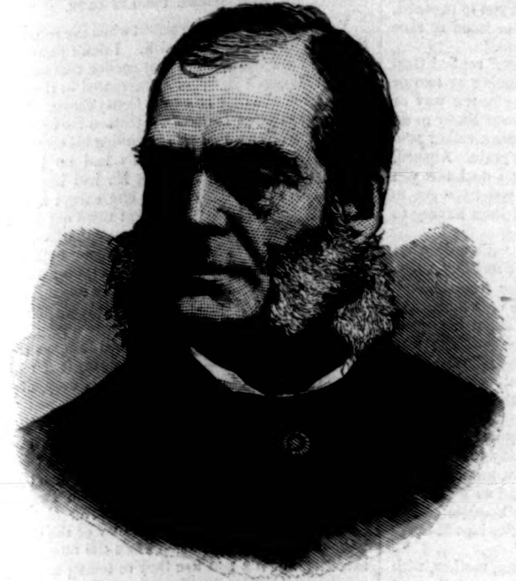
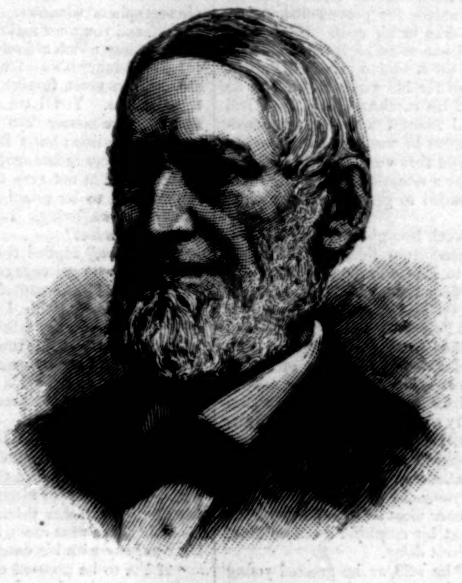
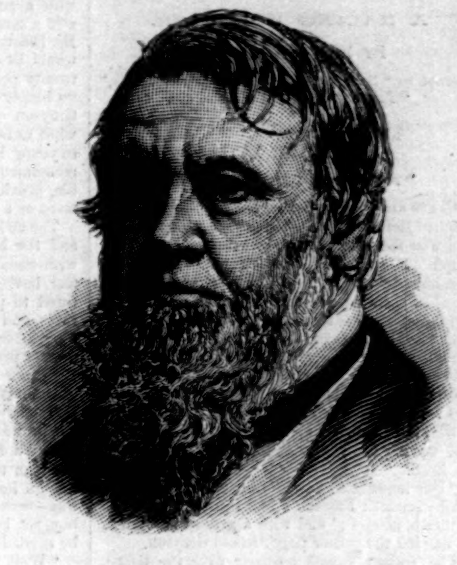


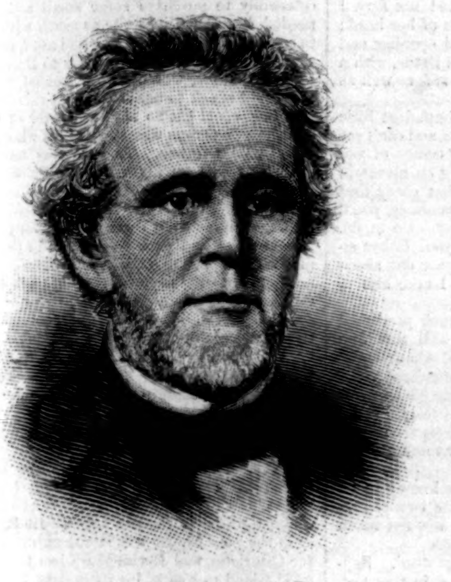
INSPECTING BAGGAGE.

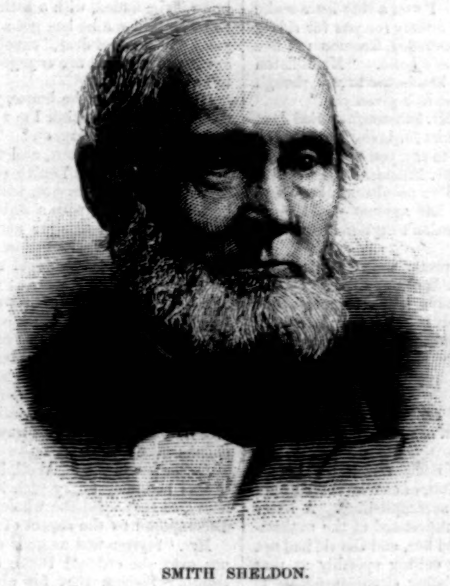
GETTING INTO THE PORT OF NEW YORK—ARRANGEMENTS FOR LANDING PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 601.]

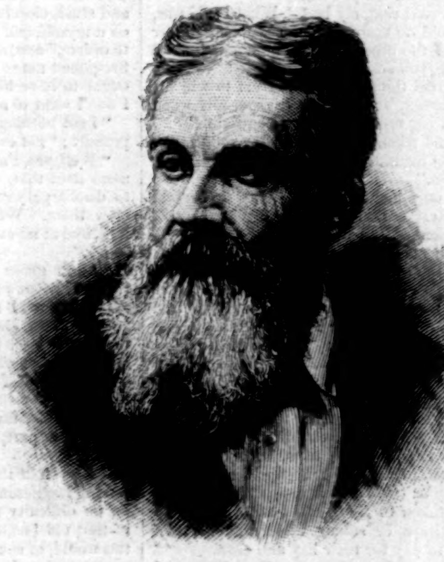

HON. CHARLES J. FOLGER.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 593.]


EDWIN M. LEWIS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GILBERT & BACON.—[SEE PAGE 597.]


HON. HENRY B. ANTHONY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 593.]


THE REV. GEORGE FOSTER PIERCE, D.D.
[SEE PAGE 604.]


SMITH SHELDON.

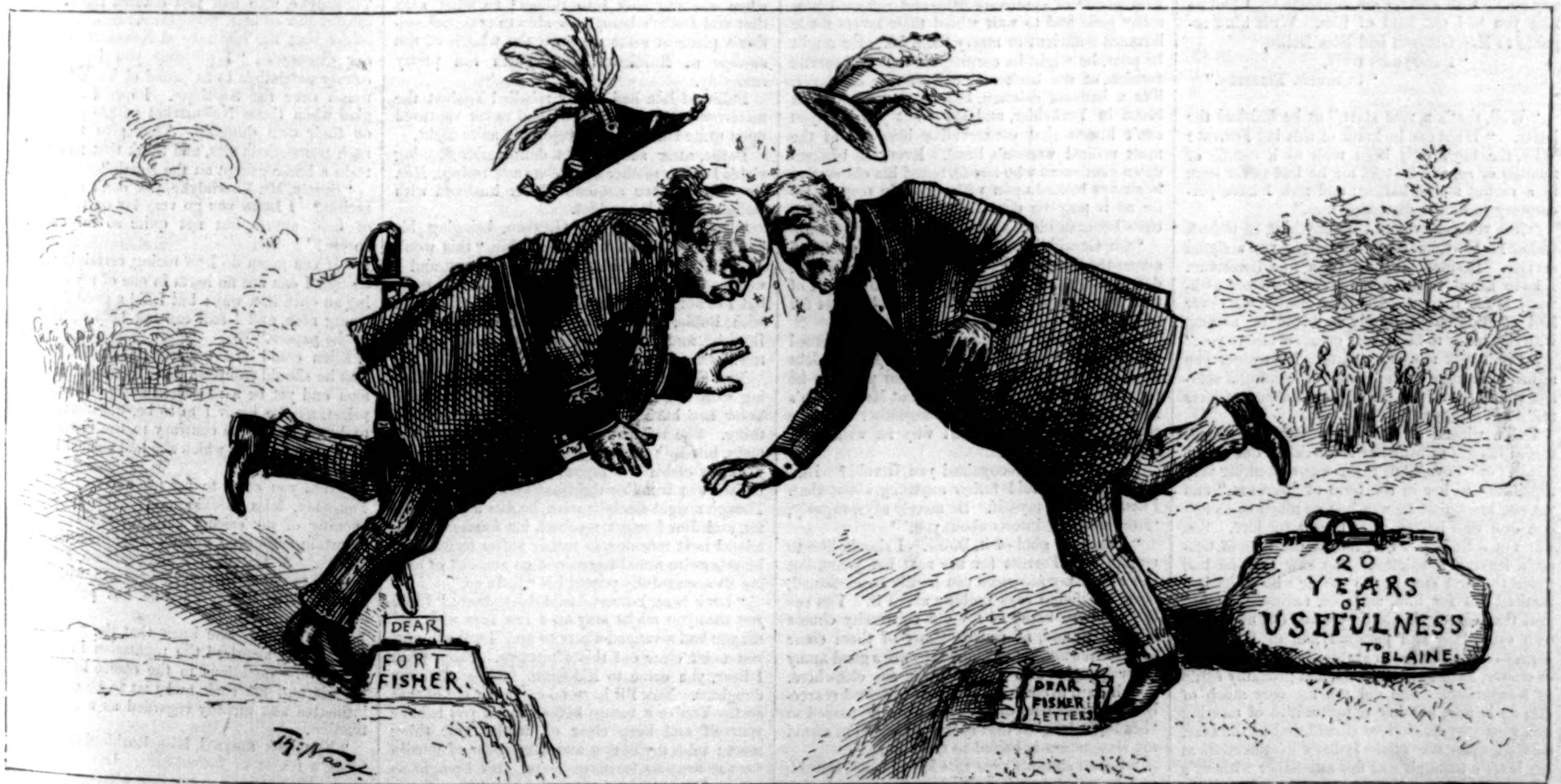

ROBERT CORNELL WHITE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK PEARSALL.—[SEE PAGE 597.]

SMITH SHELDON.

THE founder of the publishing house of SHELDON & Co. died on the 1st inst. at the Prospect House, Nyack, aged seventy-two. About ten years ago the firm discontinued their Broadway store, where the *Galaxy* magazine was published, and transferred their head-quarters to Murray Street. Since this period Mr. SHELDON had taken no active share in business, but had devoted himself to works of philanthropy. Mr. SHELDON was an intimate personal friend of MATTHEW VASSAR, the founder of Vassar College, and was the confidential adviser of that good man in the work of establishing the first and greatest college for female education. He was one of the original trustees of the college, and had survived nearly all of those whose names were joined with his in the deed of incorporation. He remained till his death Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board, and to his energy and business ability Vassar College owes much. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of Rochester University and Madison University, both in this State. In the much-needed work of educating the freedmen in the South he took an active and warm interest.

Mr. SHELDON was a leading member of the Baptist sect, but his religion was not bounded by narrow lines, and where good was to be done his heart was ready and his hand was open. For years he was prominently connected with the American Bible Society, and gave his services to the Committee on the Distribution of Bibles.

Mr. SHELDON was of a good old New York family, his father, the last of the so-called "cocked hats," having been for twelve successive terms Speaker of the New York Legislature. He himself will be long remembered for his integrity, liberality, and single-minded devotion to every noble cause.



HOW THEY GOT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.
THEIR GREAT STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

FROM POST TO FINISH.

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

"YOU IMPUDENT LITTLE MONKEY!"

CAKES and ale were going the evening the news reached Riddleton Moor that the Dancing Master had won the Two Thousand. It was a great triumph. For the stable to follow up last year's successes by taking the first great three-year-old event of the season with an outsider, ridden by a Riddleton lad, was something to boast of. A hard man was old Greyson; but he told his wife to set the cups a-flowing upon this occasion, and to dispense Yorkshire hospitality to all comers.

Judge the excitement of Dollie as she saw the boy with the telegram, mounted on the best hack in the stable, coming up the road at a hard gallop and waving the yellow tissue triumphantly over his head.

"Our horse in a canter," he exclaimed; "Bushranger second; Pibroch a bad third. Here's the telegram, master;" and with a grin of exultation he handed the yellow paper to old Greyson.

The trainer looked leisurely over the tissue, which Dollie, with flashing eyes, read over his shoulder.

"You're right, father; you always stuck to it he was a great horse when he liked, and that Forrest was the best lad you had."

"I never said that, my lass. What I said was, that he could do more with the Dancing Master than any of the other boys. The horse is more used to him, you see."

"It's a great thing for Jim Forrest to win his first race, father, isn't it? More especially when it is such a big race as the Two Thousand."

"Yes; and means a new frock for you, Dollie, and another mount or more before the season is over for him."

But not only had Jim Forrest gone up several steps in the estimation of the trainer, but amongst the myrmidons of the stable he was suddenly regarded with much respect. He had achieved at one bound the highest ambition of a stable-boy's life. He was a successful jockey! What career might not be open in that line to one who had steered the winner of the Two Thousand to victory? And already they regarded Forrest as blossoming possibly into a Frank Buckle or Jim Robinson, or one of those dead heroes of the saddle that figure in turf legends. There was great anxiety felt all round for the return of Butters and his charge; but that could not be expected as yet for two or three days. Although the Dancing Master had no other engagement, Butters had yet one or two other horses with him, who had been taken to Newmarket with a view to small handicaps or selling races, and so earn something to pay for their hay and corn.

But the morning after the Two Thousand brought a letter from Cuthbert Elliston that excited no little surprise in Bill Greyson and his wife. Dollie alone had a glimmer of the real meaning of it:

"Congratulate you on your luck," it ran. "If you take my advice you will part with your horse directly, for, of course, he is now yours. Sir Marmaduke Martindale asked if he was for sale, and of course puts the Dancing Master down as a veritable flyer, because he beat his own two highly tried ones. One thing more. You will get rid of that boy Forrest at once; from what I know about him, I don't choose to have him in any stable with which I am connected. I had no idea you had got hold of him. With kind regards to Mrs. Greyson and Miss Dollie,

"I am, yours truly,
"CUTHBERT ELLISTON."

"Well, that's a rum start," as he finished the letter. "What can he know of this lad Forrest? Why, the boy's only been with us a couple of months or so, and he told me he had never been in a racing stable before; and now I have peremptory orders to discharge him."

"But you surely won't do anything so unjust, father? Why, he has just rendered you a signal service. Besides, he must be a fine horseman. I have heard you say many times a more awkward horse than the Dancing Master we never had at Riddleton. Surely it would be parting with one likely to be of very great service to you."

"Don't talk nonsense, child. No trainer can afford to indulge in the luxury of keeping a servant whom one of his principal employers objects to."

Dollie winced at the word. She had accustomed herself to hear her lover called one of the "lads," or "boys," but there was something very repugnant to her in the term of "servant," and yet she knew that he was just as much so as any one else who looked after horses for hire. She was not a little put out, too, at the idea of Gerald's leaving Riddleton. She saw that he had made the first step in the career which she had marked out for him, and she naturally wished that that career should be worked out under her own eye. She had pictured him as the crack jockey of the Riddleton stables. Now he would, of course, have to leave them, and probably settle at Newmarket. She did not see very much of him as it was, but her opportunities of meeting him would be rare indeed should that be the case, so that upon the whole Dollie's gratification at her lover's triumph was not altogether without a mixture of alloy. Her father puzzled over Elliston's letter a good deal. He could not understand it. He had endured a bitter experience of stable-lads in his time, and the idea of parting with a good boy, unless for proved dishonesty, was a terrible mistake in his eyes. However, if Mr. Elliston said it was to be so, it must. There would be nothing for it but to give Jim Forrest twenty pound or so for his win, and tell him he no longer required his services. One thing Bill Greyson comforted himself with for the somewhat unfair treatment he was about to mete out to young Forrest, and that was he could honestly recommend him for a situation in any other stable, provided he failed to get sufficient employment as a jockey.

The end of the week brought Butters, Forrest, and the horses home from Newmarket, flushed with success, for, to Elliston's great wrath, Butters, having no orders to the contrary, had ventured to put Jim up again in one of the minor races, and this also Forrest had succeeded in winning, after exhibiting what the race-going community pronounced a very pretty piece of riding. He came back most certainly expecting a word of commendation from the trainer; that Greyson was somewhat chary of such words he knew well; but he was assuredly dumfoundered at that gentleman's first speech to him. Greyson was not the man to dally about an unpleasant task, and though he honestly—could he have had his own way—would have been most loath to part with the boy, yet he felt that his employer's orders must be carried out without delay.

"Well, my lad," he said, as he greeted young Forrest, "from all I hear, both from papers and hearsay, you've shown you can ride. If you only keep steady, and don't lose your head, I fancy your career as a jockey is marked out for you. You remembered what I told you about the horse, and stuck closely to it. I won a tidy little stake on it myself, and there's a pony for you for riding to orders," and, as he concluded, Greyson put five five-pound notes into Jim's hand. "Mr. Elliston ought to have behaved handsome to you, though I don't want to ask what he's given you."

"I got nothing from Mr. Elliston," replied Jim, proudly; "not even thanks for being successful."

"Well, yes, I'm sorry to say, you got something more than that. I've Mr. Elliston's strict orders to discharge you, and I've no alternative but to obey them. What he has against you I've no idea, and at all events he don't explain his reasons to me."

"I can guess them pretty well," replied Forrest, "but that's neither here nor there. I don't suppose now I shall have much trouble about getting other employment. However, I have to thank you both for giving me a chance, and the liberality with which you have rewarded my success. I suppose I can have a day or two to look round?"

"Certainly, my lad," replied Greyson. "We have got to part, but you're not turned away, you know."

Gerald felt that he must see Dollie before leaving Riddleton, and that, of course, there would be no difficulty about accomplishing. A letter in that old post-office unlicensed of the authorities would, of course, find her, and Gerald had not much doubt about her calling speedily at that *poste restante* under existing circumstances. If a girl does not want to see and sympathize with her lover in his hour of triumph, when does she want to see him? She's scarce like to trouble him in the dark hour of reverse, I trow. But Dollie was full of exultation at Gerald's success, and full of hope for his future. Although dashed with disappointment, and filled with indignation at the injustice dealt out to him at first, she had still the sense to see, when she thought it over, that the best chance for a jockey to make his way quickly was to be resident at Newmarket. It was annoying to her personally to be so separated from her lover, but then she was gifted with plenty of common-sense, and reflected how many girls had to wait whilst their lovers made incomes sufficient to marry them on. He might be poor, he might be earning his bread in servile fashion, at the beck and call of any employer, like a hansom cabman, but he was of the best blood in Yorkshire, and say what you will you can't knock that conservative idea out of the most radical woman's head. Even the broken-down gentleman who has forfeited his old station is always looked upon with a certain respect, little as it may be deserved, by the women of a class beneath him.

"Oh, Gerald," exclaimed the girl, as she leaned across the fence and kissed him, "I was so pleased, dear, when the telegram came in! How good of that cross-tempered gray thing to do his best for once!"

"A once, darling, that's made me. It seemed as if the Dancing Master meant to repay the debt of gratitude for all the temper and patience he owes me. I dare say you heard what Mr. Elliston's idea is of repaying me my jockeyship? Has he told your father the reason why he wishes me sent away?"

"Of course he recognized you, Gerald? But, no, he has not told father anything about that. I saw the letter myself. He merely says, vaguely, 'from what he knows about you.'"

"I am very glad of it, Dollie. I should like to remain Jim Forrest for the next five years, but I'm afraid my *incognito* can hardly be sustained, even if Elliston says nothing about it. You see there are so many of my old University chums still there, and, of course, many of them come over to Newmarket. There they are a good many other people who have known me elsewhere. And if I am to come off as a jockey, I need scarcely say a great deal of my time must be passed at 'head-quarters,' so that sooner or later I'm afraid my recognition is bound to take place."

"I can't shut my eyes to what you say, Gerald, and though to me it matters nothing, yet I wish for your sake, and the sake of your mother and sister, it could be avoided. Still, the more successful you are the more certain it is to happen. In these days the crack jockeys and the fashionable beauties occupy all the front places in the photographers' windows. I want you to succeed, Gerald, and you must make up your mind to face the notoriety which attends success."

"Yes, I fancy it's all for the best," replied Gerald. "You must forgive my wincing at two or three things. You have put me in the way of earning more money than I was ever likely to do in any other line; but a Rockingham riding *professionally* goes rather against the grain. Absurd, no doubt. I'm not very old, but I do know you can't afford to be proud when you have got to earn your own living. It's hard lines having to leave you, Dollie."

"Nonsense," replied the girl; "it's only what all men do who get engaged early in life."

"Engaged!" interrupted a voice from behind. "Upon my word, Dollie, I should very much like to know who you are talking to about being engaged, forsooth, at this time in the evening; who is it, miss? I insist upon knowing," continued Mrs. Greyson, as Gerald, at an imploring gesture from Dollie, retreated precipitately in the direction of the stables.

"Who is it?" replied Dollie, quietly. "Some one, mother, I had something to say to."

"Don't answer me in that way, miss. Go in, and see about supper directly; and we'll soon see whether your father thinks that because one of his stable-boys wins races, it justifies him in keeping company with his daughter."

"If I'm to be accused of flirting, mother, with every one with whom I exchange a civil word about the place, perhaps I'd better be locked up at once. Yes, I met young Forrest, and I was only congratulating him on his success, and on his future prospects. Oh dear, no! not *here*, I know," she added, with a little toss of her head; "but he told me he has got a good opening, and you know, mother dear," concluded Dollie, with a sweet smile, "men are engaged to *ride* as well as to *marry!*"

"Go along into the house, you impudent little monkey! Do you think I'm a mole, and can't see how things are going on? This comes of you trapesing over to York, and trying on gloves in your uncle's shop. You've got that giddy that sooner than not carry on with somebody, you'll be for carrying on with a stable-boy. Go in, do, you saucy little baggage; and if your father allows that young Forrest to be another day about the place, he's a bigger fool than I take him to be."

I don't know that Dollie was much perturbed by this threat. She knew very well that Jim Forrest was already dismissed, and whether, after her mother's discovery, he was permitted to linger on another few days or so, was likely to be of very little consequence as far as their love affair was concerned. She could never venture to give him another meeting, now her mother's suspicions were aroused.

As for her father? Well, Dollie knew he never was seriously angry with her for twenty-four hours, so that upon the whole she was not much discomposed by the aspect of things.

Mrs. Greyson was as good as her word. Supper over, she ordered Dollie to bed in that peremptory fashion that few about her ever ventured to resist. Her petulant invalid manner and ways were simply the outcome of indolence, which her husband was too easy to dispute; but she had a pretty resolute will of her own when she was roused, and those who knew her best best knew it. Indolent dispositions are apt to be of this fashion; like the kettle on a slow fire, they take some time to boil, but boil over at last, and all the more wickedly from the hot water not being quite expected.

Mrs. Greyson had been a manager in her day, and the subordinates she had drilled and disciplined still stood no little in awe of the missus when she did look into things; so what with that and Dollie's being now able to take her mother's place in some measure, the wheels of the *ménage* at Riddleton Moor Farm ran pretty smoothly.

Dollie of late had rather rebelled against the maternal autocracy, but she had never ventured upon quite such flippant rejoinder as to-night.

Dollie, after some slight deliberation, having yielded to her mother's mandate and retired, Mrs. Greyson at once acquainted her husband with Dollie's culpable conduct.

"Damme!" said Bill Greyson, bringing his hand heavily down upon the table, "this won't do. He's a nice lad, that young Forrest, and I won't say but what he'll make a jockey in time, but I'm not going to have him sweethearting here with Dollie, all the same. Leave him to me, Dorothy, and I'll see he clears out sharp to-morrow."

Mrs. Greyson would rather have enjoyed dealing with the audacious Forrest herself, but she knew her husband too well to suggest such a thing. She reigned paramount in her own domain, but Bill Greyson tolerated no interference with any of his own myrmidons, except in a very limited way from his right-hand man Joe Butters. Though a rigid disciplinarian, he was a kind master, and Jim Forrest received his *immediate* dismissal next morning in rather softer terms than he otherwise would have done on account of having so successfully passed his "little go."

"Look here, Forrest," said the trainer; "I told you that you might stay on a few days with me, till you had arranged where to go. I tell you now you must clear out this afternoon. From what I hear, you came to Riddleton fooling after my daughter. Now I'll have no caterwauling of that sort. You've a future before you if you behave yourself and keep clear of drink. One thing more: take my advice and keep clear of muslin for the next six or seven years. It's brought as many of your profession to grief as spirits. Good-by, my lad; and," added Greyson, as he shook hands, "don't let me hear of your hanging around Riddleton."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. THORNDYKE'S CRICKET CLUB.

YORK woke up in real earnest when the result of the Two Thousand reached it. I don't mean canonical York exactly, but that section that surged around Harker's Hotel, or congregated in the coffee-room of the Black Swan in Coney Street. People congratulated Thomas Greyson on the extraordinary run of luck that was attending his brother's stable, but Yorkshire generally had no kindly feeling toward Bill Greyson. He had imparted the secret of last year to no one except a very few intimates. He had not kept them out of the Caterham business in the City and Suburban, and many of the Tykes had lost their money both last year and this over that horse, and hardly a soul had been the better for the victory at Newmarket.

"Clever tactician, Tom, your brother; but he moight gie his friends and neighbors a turn, lad, when he's got such a clinking good thing as that last. Cuthbert Elliston, I reckon, made a mort of money out of the business. He's deep, deep as the Humber, is Elliston."

It was in vain that Thomas Greyson protested his brother had told him nothing, and that he firmly believed the Riddleton people had won no money over it. Yorkshire knew better than that. Both the Greysons, Elliston, and Sam Pearson had won big stakes over it. A clever division, very, said the denizens of the valley of the Ouse; "they do not tell us mooch afore the race, that's sartain; but it's noa use they're telling us afterward they 'ain't collared the brass."

Amongst other persons upon whose ears all this sort of talk happened to fall was Ellen Rockingham. She had gone into Mr. Greyson's shop, ostensibly to purchase some small articles she needed, but in reality quite as much with a view to coming across Dollie. She had not quite made up her mind what she would say to Dollie if she found her there, was not quite, indeed, sure that she would speak to her at all; but there was the fact they could get no news whatever of Gerald, and the sole person who knew of his whereabouts was Dollie Greyson. The girl was not in the shop, being, as we know, still at Riddleton, but while buying the trifles she wanted she overheard the race for the Two Thousand discussed. Miss Rockingham honestly cared nothing for turf matters, still she had been brought up in the bosom of a most sporting family, and naturally could not help knowing something about them, besides, Cuthbert Elliston and Mr. Sam Pearson were men only too well known to her, and whom she knew Gerald more than suspected of having a considerable hand in working his father's ruin. Once attracted by the subject, she listened to the discussion, which there was no attempt on the part of the speakers to make confidential, and gathered from it a most unfavorable opinion both of Dollie's father and his employers.

"Yes, old Bill's never been in the habit of letting his neighbors stand in with his 'good things,' but if ever he ought to have given a man a hint it was over the last Leger. He knew how deep the poor Squire was in the swim that went for Caterham, and Rockingham had been a rare good friend to him in his early days. He ought to have told him to save himself over Phaeton."

"Yes, indeed; but those Riddleton people think only of the money, and don't care how, or from whom, they get it. By-the-way, Greyson's brought out a new lad as well as a new three-year-old. The papers say that boy Forrest promises to be as good as the horse."

And this was the first Ellen was destined to hear of her brother's new career, and little did she dream then who Forrest was. In fact, so mechanically did the name fall upon her ear that when next she heard it she failed to recognize it.

"Well, Miss Rockingham," exclaimed Mr. Thorndyke, who had just entered the shop and caught just enough of the conversation to become aware that the late race at Newmarket was under discussion, "I presume you have enough county patriotism to be proud of Yorkshire's triumph over the Southron. I own I am always glad when those Newmarket people get beaten on their own dunghill. They give themselves such tremendous airs, and think that no one can train a horse except on the Heath."

"Surely, Mr. Thorndyke, you don't approve of racing? I know you go very far on the subject of field-sports, but not quite so far as that, surely?"

"If you mean do I go racing, certainly not, although I can see no harm in one of my cloth doing so once in a way; but I did a good deal as a young man, and I still can not help watching it in the papers."

Ellen could not understand Mr. Thorndyke; that he should entertain these extraordinary opinions and yet be a respected and popular parish priest, as she knew him to be, was inexplicable to her. It was so contrary to the views of the religious sect with which she had elected to identify herself.

"Will you come to my tea and turn-out next Thursday, Miss Rockingham? It's simply the opening of my cricket club for the season. I entertain somewhat more substantially than tea, though. A few of my friends, also, are kind enough to patronize me. Durnsford, with whom I dined last night, for one has promised to come."

Ellen stared. She knew that the new Canon had already acquired the reputation in York of being very fastidious in the choice both of his friends and his cook, and that to be one of his intimates was already regarded as a social distinction.

"You look amazed, Miss Rockingham, at my being a friend of Durnsford's. Our views, certainly, are not similar, but he's a clever man and tolerant, and by no means thinks it incumbent that every one should be of his way of thinking. Or," he continued, laughing, "do you think it is a hankering after the flesh-pots, and that the Canon's cook reconciles me to the Canon's opinions? A good dinner is better than a bad one, and a full man is ever more open-handed than a fasting one. Brushley, no doubt, tells you enjoyment of the superfluities is wrong. Life without its superfluities would be a very dull business. Come to my party, Miss Rockingham, and witness the full measure of my iniquities. You will be a check upon me, remember."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1439.

And then Ellen promised to go, and bade him good-by with a friendly little nod.

It was not particularly curious what had brought about the intimacy between the two men. Mr. Durnsford was careless whom he became friends with as long as there was something in them. He had all the tolerance of opinion that a man accustomed to mix in the great London whirlpool usually acquires. He admired Thorndyke's straightforward, fearless character, and recognized his great ability. The Canon was, in his courtly way, quite as fearless as Thorndyke, but he was not quite so outspoken. The world had marvelled much when Mr. Durnsford accepted advancement other than metropolitan, but there are always wheels within wheels, and Mr. Durnsford was privately informed it was merely a stepping-stone to something better, so he accepted an excellent country living a few miles from York and a stall in the Minster, put a curate into the Rectory, and took up his own residence for the most part within the city.

It was a lovely day in June, the week between Epsom and Ascot, when Miss Rockingham started off to keep tryst with John Thorndyke, and be present at the opening day of his parish cricket club. Only the week before, the racing community had been electrified by the new boy from the Riddleton stable actually getting third for the Derby on a little-fancied outsider, and there were not wanted good judges who declared that young Forrest fairly outrode Blackton for the place, and Blackton was not only considered a good jockey, but it was well known had stringent orders to be in the first three if possible. People talked about this in York a good deal, and hailed the advent of another great north-country jockey who should be as famous as Bill Scott, Job Marson, or Frank Butler in a short time. Greyson was congratulated on having found not only the horse, but the man, and then folks began to inquire why it was that Jim Forrest had not ridden the Dancing Master instead of an outsider like Trumpet Major, on which it oozed out Forrest had set up his tent at Newmarket, and severed all connection with the Riddleton stable.

Miss Rockingham arrives at the cricket field, and is welcomed by John Thorndyke in most unclerical costume. A loose black surtout over his flannels is all the acknowledgment the Rector pays to his cloth.

"You don't mean to say you are going to play?" said Ellen, smiling, as she shook hands, for even she, it not being Sunday, saw nothing extraordinary in his doing so.

"Yes. To tell you the truth, it's a sort of pious fraud, Miss Rockingham. You see, my folks don't like the opening match without 'parson's in it.' So he always is, and is very unlucky, too. You'll see what a duffer I am today. The fact is, you can't make a good score and look after your guests, and some other fellow always has to fag out for me.—Oh, Durnsford, you remember Miss Rockingham?"

"Could any one but an extreme radical like you presume to ask such a question? But there's nothing a radical won't ask."

"Yes, we are always desirous of acquiring information, whilst you dear old conservatives forget nothing and learn nothing."

"Now, my dear Thorndyke, you know you only ask questions to annoy people, and it is usually successful. One either don't want to give information, or hasn't any to give. A wise man hates confessing ignorance."

"Well," laughed Thorndyke, "my present business is to get a few runs; so I shall leave Miss Rockingham in your charge."

"Quite right. Go and get your few runs—can't be too few for the sake of your guests, who for once are thoroughly in accord with your Liberal principles."

"Is Mr. Thorndyke really a Radical?" inquired Miss Rockingham.

"Yes; and so are sensible men of all denominations in reality, if by radicalism you mean that the world can't stand still. Ah! well hit!" he exclaimed, as their host sent a ball to leg for four. "Let's wait a minute, and watch the game. Thorndyke is a really fine player."

Two or three more slashing hits, and then the Rector skyed one which his opponents promptly secured. A little ovation greeted his return to the tent, not on account of the half-score runs or so he had made, but as a testimony to his popularity.

"Dear me, Thorndyke, I congratulate you," said Mr. Durnsford, with a twinkle in his eye. "I had no idea you were such a hand at lifting them."

"I always like to ascertain in these practice matches what the fielding's like," rejoined the Rector. "I know now these fellows can catch."

John Thorndyke's lunch was a great success. There were at least fifty people sat down in the tent, consisting of the elevens, the leading people in his parish, and a few personal friends like herself and Mr. Durnsford.

Miss Rockingham could not but see what a popular man with his people this, in her eyes, most unorthodox clergyman was. It puzzled her. Could this man, so utterly unlike what she was accustomed to regard as one having religion, really have the welfare of those confided to his charge at heart? Still, it was evident that he knew every one, and from a word that dropped here and there, had, besides personal, an intimate knowledge of their lives. She knew that though he preached in what was to her most unconventional fashion, yet that his words went home, and his congregation listened with rapt attention to those short stirring addresses. Was this man doing as much good, according to his lights, as those more rigid and ascetic clergymen with whom she had been so far associated?

She ventured, as they strolled about after luncheon, to put a question to this effect to Mr. Durnsford.

"We have all our way of attaining an end, Miss Rockingham," replied the Canon, "but I wish I could think I did half as much good as Thorndyke. I will tell you a little story. Before he came here, Thorndyke had charge of a parish in East London. Calling one day on an artisan who was just recovering from a long illness, he found the poor fellow unusually despondent. An excellent opportunity for work had presented itself, but all his wardrobe was in pawn, and he had no decent clothes in which to apply for it. There was no time to be lost or it would be gone. Thorndyke rose to the emergency. He quietly divested himself of the best part of his raiment, insisted upon the convalescent man putting on the clothes he took off, and then awaited his return. The man's application was successful; thanks to Thorndyke's promptitude, he was just in time to secure the situation he coveted. No one ever heard our friend allude to it, but the working-men of that district have by no means been so reticent, and the incident gave Thorndyke the most unbounded influence over them."

Miss Rockingham was as much impressed with this story of John Thorndyke as his late parishioners, and turned it over in her mind many times.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EDWIN M. LEWIS.

Mr. Edwin M. Lewis, the well-known capitalist and railroad man, who died August 23, was at the time of his death President of the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Philadelphia, and also Receiver of the Reading road. He was born in 1812 in Philadelphia, where his father was a wealthy ship-owner. After acquiring a commercial education in his father's office, he entered the house of McKean, Borie, & Trott, of which the second partner became in after years Secretary of the Navy. The foundation of his fortune was laid by some successful voyages to China, at first as a supercargo, but finally on his own account.

His connection with the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank began in 1847, and was only severed by death. He was chosen by the court as assignee of Jay Cooke's estate, and has held other positions of the highest trust.

Mr. Lewis had the honor of being one of the original fifty who founded the Union League, and it is a strange coincidence that another of its founders, H. M. Phillips, nearly of the same age, was at the same time lying at the point of death.

Mr. Lewis was for two years a widower, and left several sons and one married daughter. He was a consistent member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

THE PRESIDENT AT NEWPORT.

Newport has within the last week or two been even gayer than usual. The pleasures of lawn tennis and polo, of garden parties and Casino concerts, of driving and swimming, of boating and dancing, have been largely increased by the visit of the President. Naturally all the resources of dinner-giving and hospitable Newport were called out to do honor to the chief of the nation, and the festive occasion has been one of unusual brilliancy. The most interesting sight was the visit of the President to the Torpedo Station. The day was lovely, and the harbor was soon dotted by countless sail and row boats, filled with ladies anxious to see the promised submarine explosion, and to get a peep at the President. Captain Selfridge, the commanding officer, had prepared an elaborate programme, and invited a number of distinguished guests, including members of the cabinet, the diplomatic body, and the fashionable world of Newport. The commanding officers of the North Atlantic Squadron, under Admiral Luce, the officers of the training squadron, as well as the army officers from Fort Adams, added to the gayety of the scene by the brilliance of their uniforms. The President's arrival at Goat Island was greeted by the explosion of twenty-one torpedoes, which were exploded in rapid succession by electricity, the key-board being in the electrical building. The effect was grand, as tons of water, breaking into spray, were thrown heavenward to a height of two hundred feet. Captain Selfridge exhibited to his guests his new gun-cotton contact torpedo, with which he blew an old schooner, the *Joseph Henry*, all to pieces. This incident is graphically pictured on page 609.

On the following day the fleet was reviewed by the Secretary of the Navy, and target practice was ordered. The vessels were placed in column, and the flag-ship commenced to fire, followed by the *Yantic*, *Swatara*, *Alliance*, and *Vandalia*. Our artist, Mr. Davidson, thus describes the scene: "As the fleet rounded into line, signal colors were run up on the *Tennessee* to 'commence firing,' and answering pennants were promptly sprung aloft from the other ships. We were close enough to see and hear everything distinctly. Sharp orders from the officers and shrill piping of the boatswains' whistles mingle with the hum of the gale amid the rigging overhead. The bulwarks of the vessels are now gaping open, showing the great rifled pivot-guns, and their crews expectant. The targets are but small white specks in the distance.

"Suddenly a great gush of white smoke bursts from the *Tennessee's* bows. It folds back, enveloping half the ship. Simultaneously with the roar of the gun is heard the quavering shriek of the shell speeding toward the target. Three tall jets of spray mark its perfect line, and it bursts with a bright flash just over the mark, leaving a round ball of smoke drifting before the gale. Gun after gun now speaks. One shell speeds beautifully straight, and, bursting just this side, hurls its fragments ahead, whitening with their spray a half-acre of water about the target. Another, after cutting the tops off a dozen billows, bounds hundreds of feet into the air, and there explodes.

"Presently the *Yantic* opens fire, and soon all are wrapped in a shroud of smoke. One shell, bursting as it leaves the gun, tears up a lane of white foam for hundreds of feet with its fragments.

"The targets are soon shrouded in smoke and bursting shells and jets of spray. It was a grand sight."

The firing was excellent, as every shot would have struck a vessel broadside on. The distance was about 1700 yards. The President was too late to see the firing from the fleet, but had on the previous day witnessed some torpedo target practice, which had nearly resulted in an accident. One of the torpedoes exploded prematurely, and considerable alarm was felt till it was ascertained that no damage had been done. The torpedo was luckily in the water, for if it had been on deck, the vessel would have been blown to pieces and many lives lost.

THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.

The international exhibition now in progress at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania, is the fourth of its kind, the three preceding having been those of Paris, Munich, and Berlin. All four have been held within as many consecutive years, and the reflection may occur that they are succeeding each other with too great rapidity. Yet when we observe the remarkable progress made almost from day to day in the utilization of electrical force, it becomes obvious that even the developments of a single twelvemonth may deserve to be gathered up and displayed in a new exposition. One of the most striking thoughts occurring to the visitor in Philadelphia is that whereas ten years ago the magnetic telegraph, that wonder of our age, would necessarily have been the central and all-absorbing feature of an electrical fair, now it is relegated to a modest corner, not for purposes of display, but to fulfill the same matter-of-fact functions that it might in a political convention or a dog show. It is the uses of electricity as a light, a motor, and a conductor of sound that now claim the chief place of honor and of interest.

The exhibition was opened on the 3d of September—to continue until the 11th of October—with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of a vast throng, which included many guests distinguished in diplomacy or in science. It is held in a new and spacious building, constructed for the purpose, at the corner of Lancaster Avenue and Thirty-second Street, close by the old Pennsylvania Railroad station. This latter is connected with it as an annex, and furnishes not only a fine concert hall and lecture-room, but also additional area for electric railway switch and signal exhibits and others that require much space. The spot is not far from the one on which Franklin, one hundred and thirty-two years ago, drew the electric fire from the sky along his kite string.

Despite many evidences of incompleteness at the outset, this exhibition will be a worthy successor to the finest that has gone before it. All the dynamos and electric light and telephone systems familiar to the American public—the Edison, the Thomson-Houston, the United States, the Brush, the Bell, the Bernstein, the Excelsior, the Acme, the McTighe, the Weston, and so on—are there in their familiar manifestations. Here may be seen Edison's gigantic machine, the largest dynamo in the world, the thirty ton "Jumbo," seven feet in height, nine in width, and fifteen in length, challenging the old-time supremacy of steam, as represented in the great Porter & Allen engine that furnishes power for a myriad minor machines and wheels through the building. A dozen or more powerful dynamos and many steam-engines are met from point to point. Here are the Thomson-Houston devices for conveniently combining the arc and incandescent systems. Here is the joint exhibit of the Ordnance Corps and Signal Service of the army, with its electric self-recording rain gauge, its model of a field telegraph train and portable field telegraph apparatus, its instruments for measuring the force and direction of the wind and the velocity of projectiles, and for determining barometric pressure, besides the familiar system of signaling.

Hard by is the Navy Department's exhibit, which includes torpedoes fired by electricity and others exploded by contact; electrical appliances for firing guns separately or in broadside; a pair of revolving naval search lights operated by Gramme dynamos: electrical appliances for determining water currents or electric currents; devices for exploding torpedoes in boats, and the ingenious McEvoy apparatus for controlling a group of torpedoes from a common centre, and, above all, for ascertaining the presence of hostile torpedoes by a telephonic detector sunk under the water, and communicating the news of their proximity to the patrolling boat by a peculiar low sound. In one of the towers is a great electric naval search light, perhaps the most powerful in the country, throwing its ray, by means of lenses and reflectors, over the city for a distance of more than two miles.

Fire alarms and burglar alarms of many kinds—matting with electric wires that can be put under carpets; wires and bells that connect with doors, windows, and safes; telephones in their now familiar guise, one of them communicating even with Boston; photometers and telemeters; locomotive head-lights; arc and incandescent lamps of all varieties; electric clocks and electric apparatus for minutely subdividing time—these are encountered on every hand. The applications of electricity to medicine, dentistry, and surgery find a place, as does educational apparatus for the school-room. There are the marvels also of the phonograph, the microphone, and various devices used thus far mainly for entertainment. The telegraph, too, has its share of attention after all in the exhibition of its multiplex system, which allows scores of messages to be sent simultaneously over the same wire without the slightest interference or betrayal of each other—a most useful invention in these days when the multitude of wires required under the old system would be appalling.

Electro-plating, lightning-rods with their copper wires and platinum tips, the application of electricity to mining and blasting, and other familiar matters are not neglected here. Groups of sewing-machines are at work on leather or on cloth by the aid of electricity, and some of those who sew are merely doing on exhibition what they have done in their own workshops for months. There is a great case full of eggs, from which chickens are to be hatched by electricity. Storage batteries of various sorts and exhibits of electrical supplies are found, and many small dynamos seen adapted to almost any form of light sedentary labor performed by man. A great variety of globes and chandeliers is shown, and upholsterers and other tradesmen have taken advantage of this fact, it must be confessed, to make displays of very beautiful wares, which no one would like to miss seeing, though their chief connection with the purpose of the exhibition seems to be merely that of demonstrating that goods of their quality light up admirably under the electric light. In a few other instances the connection of exhibits with the central purpose of the fair may be even more obscure; still the display of gas-lighting apparatus can at least be regarded as a useful foil to electric illumination, while that of gas engines may be designed to show that gas has yet new missions in prospect.

The literature of electricity is represented by a large collection of books, which will pass into the possession of the Franklin Institute at the close of the fair. Great maps hung on the walls of the lecture-room show the lines of sea cable, present and prospective. The history of electrical appliances is set forth by exhibits of old-fashioned voltaic piles, an electric machine constructed by Franklin, the famous instrument of Morse, and so on; and certainly one of the most striking portions of the whole display is the contribution by the United States Patent-office of the original models on which patents were granted to the most famous of existing American electric devices.

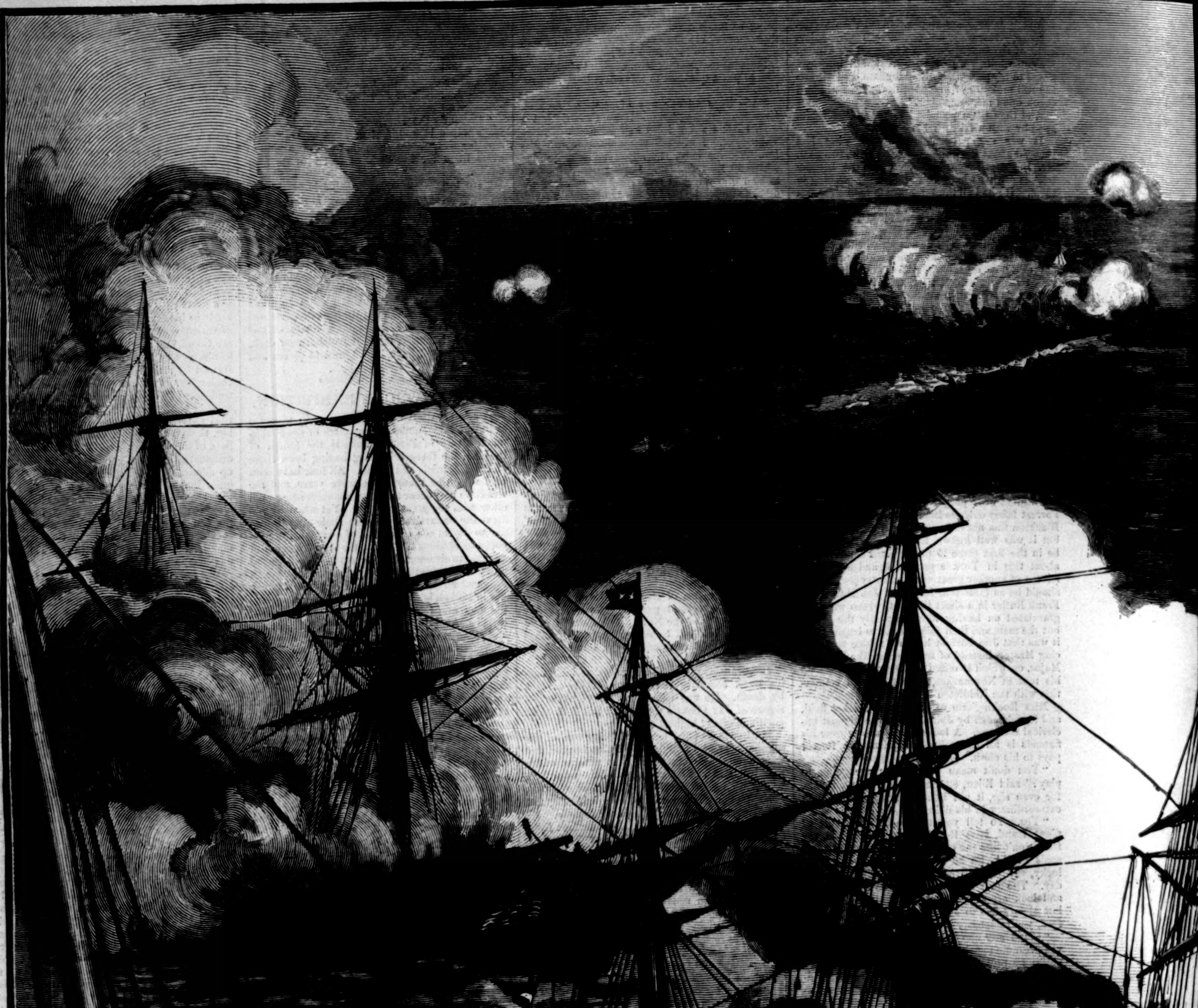
For spectacular effect, night, when all the multitudinous flames of this palace of light, both within and without the building, are flashing, is the time most favorable. Within, disposed at all available points, hanging from girders and arranged in rows along the thirteen arched rafters of the main building, are no fewer than 5600 incandescent lights and 350 arc lights. Of the former, 1200 are contributed by the United States Company and 3800 by the Edison, other companies furnishing the remainder. The dazzling noonday splendor of this illumination is enhanced by a large fountain in the centre, which throws an upward jet from a mass of stone, against which shoot other great jets from the rim of the basin. The spray, illuminated by the surrounding lights, transmitted through glasses of different colors, reflects prismatic hues at every point, and falls in a perpetual shower of jewels. Beds of flowers around the basin add to the effect, as do the other decorations of the hall. While the eye is thus gratified, the electric organ attracts the ear from its position in the gallery, the key-board with which the performer plays it being on the main floor, a hundred feet below.

From an exhibition so largely devoted to practical mechanism, occupying 200,000 square feet of space, and actuated by steam-engines aggregating 1800 horse-power, not only pleasure but scientific profit should be expected. There are about 250 separate exhibitors, and from six to eight times that number of exhibits. These cover a very wide range of electrical application, and the committees who are to examine and report upon them are mostly well-known experts, who will doubtless put them to a thorough test.

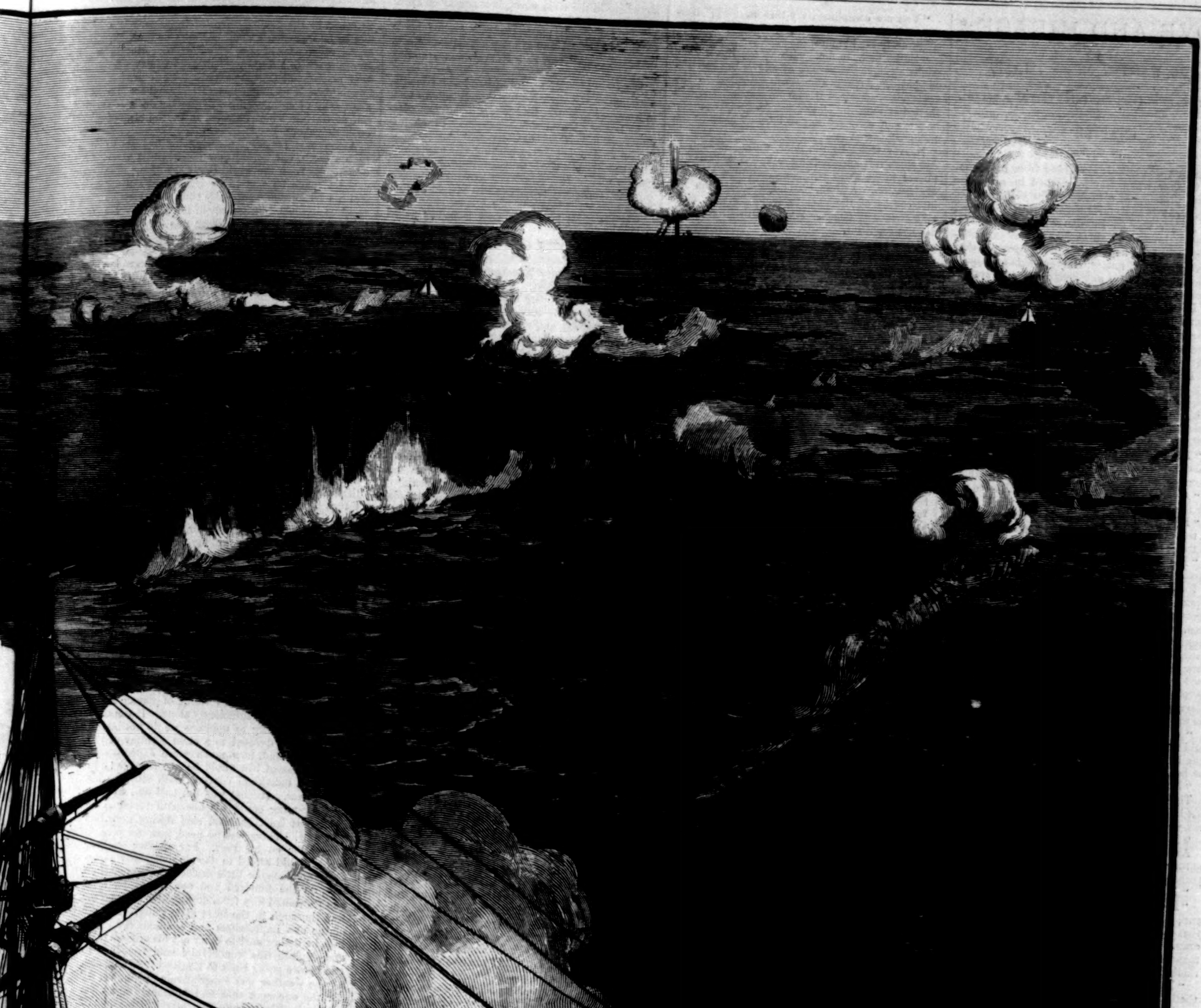
ROBERT CORNELL WHITE.

The well-known boat owner Robert Cornell White died on Friday, August 29, at Fort Hamilton. Mr. White was familiar to the public as the proprietor of the Rockaway steamers *Columbia*, *Adelphi*, *Grand Republic*, *Americus*, and *Navesink*, on board which so many of our sea-loving citizens have tempted the perils of the deep, and sought a "sniff of the briny." On the transfer of these vessels to the Knickerbocker Company two years ago, Mr. White contemplated the organization of a new line, but failing health compelled him to abandon the idea and to retire into private life. During the war Mr. White held a contract with the government for transports, and one of his steam-ships, the *Alice Price*, was sunk by the *Alabama* off Charleston Harbor.

Mr. White was an American born in England in 1823. He was brought up in New York, and was for some time engaged in the crockery-ware firms of Haydock & Co. and Allen, White, & Co., till he became interested in a ferry company, and began to build boats for himself. He was for a long time President of the Columbia Steam Navigation Company, in which he was the chief if not sole owner, President of the Hydraulic Safety Steering Company, and of the United States Land Company. Mr. White lived for many years in Brooklyn before he removed to Fort Hamilton. He died in his sixty-first year, leaving a widow, a son, and a daughter to mourn his loss.



THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION—TARGET PRACTICE WITH THE GRE



A GUNS OUT AT SEA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 597.]

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XX.

IN COUNSEL.

Arthur was quietly sketching from his chamber window when Harvey dashed in, after the merest pretense at a knock. The elder brother never went through this formality with his junior; but Arthur was an Etonian whilst Harvey still wore petticoats, and an assumption of superiority had still been kept up in little things. Arthur moreover earned money, Harvey did not—a quite sufficient reason for any amount of outward respect.

"I fear I am disturbing you," Harvey began. "But I have something to say. Elizabeth and Flora are going away this afternoon, and I intend to accompany them."

Arthur looked up quietly from his sketch-book.

"I hope you will have a pleasant journey," was all he said, in the tone Harvey knew so well. His motives were seen through, and his brother was making merry at his expense. Harvey waited for a moment to see what else Arthur would say, but Arthur's mood seemed uncommonly curt just then.

"The steamer starts at three o'clock," began Harvey, not easily to be checked or put out of countenance.

"A very convenient hour. You will have time for the *table d'hôte* dinner," was the reply.

"I do not think Flora and her sister will dine at the hotel to-day. They have much to do and to think of at the last moment."

"Naturally," Arthur made answer, whilst he carelessly plied his paint-brush.

No surprise, no inquiry concerning such precipitate departure? Harvey could not in the least account for this provoking behavior on Arthur's part. He must feel curiosity in any matter that regarded Elizabeth. Not to believe so was in thought to insult his own brother. Had not Arthur devoted himself to Elizabeth during these past weeks almost as exclusively as he had been devoted to Flora? Arthur might be many things Harvey did not yet expect, but he could never be mean, above all, to a woman.

"We are not coming back to the island," he said at last, thinking that this speech must elicit one in return. Arthur merely made answer as he held up his drawing to the light:

"It would hardly be worth while."

This was too much. Harvey almost glared at his brother as he blurted forth, "I may as well tell you that I am going to marry Flora."

"Now, really, Harvey."

Arthur at last put down his sketch-book, good-naturedly resigning himself to a spoiled morning, perhaps a spoiled subject.

"Now really."

"I shall write for the newspapers," Harvey began, stoutly and apologetically, "and you know that German notions are very different to English ones. Flora will cheerfully keep house on less money than an English girl would spend on æsthetics."

"You won't have much of a margin for æsthetics, certainly," the elder brother said, lazily ironic. "Tell me now, have you a hundred pounds in the bank?"

The culprit had not a word to say.

"We can live in lodgings for the first year or two," he said at last.

"Of course I have nothing to say in the matter—nothing whatever," Arthur went on. "I am not sure that a struggling life would do you any harm for a time, and money is to be made by the newspapers. But—" and here he leaned back in his chair and quietly eyed his brother.

"But, Harvey, marriage is not a luxury to be purchased *au prix fixe*. Have you thought of that? The man who marries goes to sea without a compass. One year's expense is no sort of guide for that of the next. I should not like to have you blow your brains out because the butcher had dunned you for his bill."

Harvey laughed. Arthur had taken the matter so much more agreeably than he expected. "We should probably live in the country. There are places even in England, charming too, where people can live upon next to nothing."

"How about the newspapers? If you mean to give up London, there is no help for you but to turn curate. Any jackanapes can preach a sermon."

Again Harvey laughed in the best possible humor. He was so boyishly, naïvely happy that Arthur might make what fun of him he would.

"Well," he said, with the consciousness of a wise utterance, "fortunately newspapers no more than pulpits require Aristotles. The business of the world is for the most part done by nobodies like myself."

"On my word, you are becoming quite witty. I think I must fall in love too," Arthur made answer; and what with his brother's genial mood and his own exhilaration, Harvey could not for the life of him keep back a speech that spoiled all, the first impertinent speech he had made to his senior in his life.

"I suppose you are going to marry Elizabeth," he said, looking straight into the other's face.

The words were no sooner out than Harvey saw how deeply they were resented. Intense annoyance was written on Arthur's pleasant face. He took up his sketch-book, and fiercely plied the discarded brush.

"You suppose! you suppose! How can I help what you suppose? Be as suppositious as you please. Are we bound to make good every fool's suppositions?"

"You are complimentary this morning," Harvey said, with unassailable good-humor, trying to laugh away his blunder.

"Do let us have done with personalities. We might all have the temper of angels but for personalities," Arthur answered, returning to the aggressive words as if one buffet had not laid them low enough. "Personalities strip off the last rag of civilization, and take us back to the Deluge."

Harvey stood by the door, willing enough to cut short this unpromising talk, but was too disturbed to go away without eliciting a word of explanation. Arthur could not look upon the intercourse of the past three weeks as a mere midsummer flirtation. Such Elizabeth certainly did not regard it.

"One can but put two and two together," he said, pleasantly, hoping thus to make all things smooth.

"Of course everybody has a perfect right to put two and two together," Arthur retorted, savagely; "But for Heaven's sake keep the application of your mental arithmetic to your own affairs."

Harvey yet lingered irresolute. The bare notion of a misunderstanding with his brother was hateful to him. The pair had never quarrelled in their lives. But zeal on behalf of his future sister-in-law led him into the committal of one blunder more.

"I could not help believing that you and Elizabeth understood each other," he stammered forth.

That speech was the unluckiest Harvey had made during the entire conversation. Arthur was now really angry, for if his brother's words meant anything at all, they indicated a kind of reproach most stinging to a proud man. Harvey, then, and if Harvey, why not every soul here, had watched his behavior toward Elizabeth, and had come to the conclusion that it was of a compromising nature. He saw also himself brought to the bar of public opinion, his actions common property, the arrangement of his future life no longer a matter of individual concernment. And the worst of this odious position was that his own brother, his junior, was sitting in judgment against him. He cut short the confabulation with an epigram that made poor Harvey feel how painful these relations had on a sudden become.

"If everybody could help believing that he understood his neighbor's affairs, the world would be a tolerable place," he said, and bent his head over his drawing, evidently determined to say no more.

"I had better go and finish my packing," Harvey made quiet answer; then he went to his own room, feeling bitter enough. They should meet at dinner. Arthur would be on the landing-place to take courteous leave; there would be no visible estrangement. But for a long time to come their intercourse was spoiled. The coming separation gave an intense feeling of relief, and to Harvey's boyish, affectionate nature the sense of Flora's nearness came as a sweet consolation. He had at least one friend to confide in, one person in the world who would never silence him with an epigram.

The cause of this imbittered feeling troubled Harvey most of all, for he must now believe that Elizabeth's fascination over Arthur had been transitory only, a mere summer sentiment, destined to pass away with its roses and zephyrs. Elizabeth was as unapproachable as Arthur. To Flora and himself she would never, he felt sure, open her lips on this subject. Arthur's want of depth, want of loyalty even, would be locked within her own breast, and no one would ever learn what a reality had passed between them. It was characteristic of Harvey, as it is of most mortal kind, that he was lamenting a brother's lapse purely hypothetical. Like many another, Arthur Venning was being blamed merely for not doing the thing the world expected him to do, so lamentably most of us forget that the exercise of judgment is a matter of accurately weighing or casting up. Leave out a thimbleful or a fraction, and what will our reckoning be worth?

CHAPTER XXI.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

Harvey was right so far. Arthur had too much self-command and self-respect to betray his ruffled humor, and even toward himself at the dinner table he showed no acerbity. He was cold and taciturn; that was all. But on the landing-place he felt bound to be friendly, and if his face were less animated and his voice less genial than usual, at least neither Elizabeth nor Flora could have guessed what had taken place between the brothers.

"You have indeed taken us by surprise," he said, pleasantly, as all stood on the little wooden landing-place surrounded by acquaintances. "The summer will last yet a few weeks longer."

Elizabeth colored painfully.

"We had no idea of leaving so soon till yesterday," she answered. "But it must be."

"This is not a farewell," Arthur answered, in the same cheery, every-day voice. "Who could help coming a second time to our island? And if not here, we are sure to meet elsewhere. Rhineland, Goetheland, the Black Forest, is not each a second England at certain seasons of the year?"

"And our island friends will ever be welcome to Bremen," Elizabeth said, glancing from Arthur to others standing near. The girl was strangely animated, almost excited, evidently thankful to go, yet—could it be otherwise?—almost heart-broken at the interruption of a summer holiday.

"Then it is understood. We are to meet at Bremen?" Arthur added, perhaps with hidden meaning intended for Elizabeth's ears only. "Bremen at least is accessible all the year round."

"Oh, do not reproach this sweet place," cried Elizabeth. "If the summer here is shorter than anywhere in the wide world, is it not by compensation sweeter?"

"That I admit unreservedly," Arthur made gallant reply: he was talking not only to Elizabeth, but to twenty, and Harvey was standing close by.

Exerting himself to be off-hand yet friendly, perhaps all the time feeling that Elizabeth took in a deeper meaning, he added, "There can surely be but one island and one summer in our recollections henceforth and forever."

The final signal for embarking was now given, and the boat waited to take Harvey and his charge alongside. Amid the general leave-taking, the brothers shook hands after frigid English fashion.

"What shall I do with your letters?" asked Arthur.

"Keep them till I write from Bremen, if you please," was the equally cold retort. Harvey saw with what difficulty Elizabeth maintained self-composure at the last. Yes, his mind was made up. His elder brother was behaving heartlessly to this sweet girl. She could never, never be the Elizabeth of old, and all through fault of his!

"Well, I suppose you will turn up in Cheyne Walk some time or other," Arthur said, as Harvey settled himself in the boat.

"I suppose so," was all the other said.

The stalwart boatmen now put their hands rhythmically to the rowlock, the pellucid waves showed crisp white curls, the upturned faces of the passengers stood out between bright sea and sky in strong relief, and the boat moved off amid waving of handkerchiefs and a chorus of German voices. "Till we meet again. Till we meet again! (Auf wiedersehen, auf wiedersehen)."

Arthur lingered on the little wooden landing-place till the empty boats had returned and the steamer was fairly on its way; then he went back to his quarters with a feeling of mingled self-reproach and relief. He had sedulously avoided making acquaintance on the island, and now derived inexpressible satisfaction from the fact of being alone. None to pry into his motives, none to comment on his doings. He was as sorry as could be to have hurt Harvey's feelings, but why would he meddle with things that did not concern him? And with affairs above all others which concerned a man's self alone! For criticism in general Arthur cared not a straw. People might say what they chose about his writings, his sketches, his manner of life, himself. But to be criticised in the matter of liking and sentiment—in the matter of feeling for a woman—that was past all endurance. Harvey ought to have shown more reticence, more delicacy, at any rate more knowledge of the world. Well, the sea now separated them, and by the time they should meet again all soreness would be healed. Harvey might commit this romantic piece of folly if he chose, and take to himself a portionless bride ere he had set to work in right good earnest to win his bread. It would be his own part as elder brother to help him all he could. Certainly no word of reproach should ever pass his lips. He might do so much worse than marry a simple German girl, who would make her own gowns, and not require half her husband's income for the pursuit of æsthetics. This pretty little Flora would make a very safe sister-in-law indeed, and safety is the first virtue to be sought in relations! With a certain sense of relief also he thought of his own affairs. All was now crystal clear between Elizabeth and himself. Scripture was no plainer than her downright utterances of two days ago. She liked him. He was her friend. But her heart was not free to love. Another feeling, all bitterness, which yet he must believe had been joy unalloyed once, shut out others for a time. She could but shake off this sorrow before looking hopefully forward. He was bound to accept her decision, which lent itself to no misinterpretation. For a time, a period to which she had put no limits, they were to be friends and nothing more. In other words, both were absolutely free. But for Elizabeth's passionate confessions of the other day, Arthur must have determined upon a wholly different line of conduct. He was a scrupulously honorable man. The notion of behaving meanly to a woman was as odious to him as that of criminal dishonesty in affairs of business. He had made love to Elizabeth. But for her *naïve* outpouring, he should have followed Harvey's example. No other course would have occurred to him, although—

That unwelcome although! How many a man has found himself in Arthur's dilemma, falling in love twice, and the second time too soon! How many a man, rather than behave unhandsomely to a sentimental girl, has straightway pledged himself to a thankless bond, an affection that is but duty, and for life long! There was no fickleness in Arthur's disposition. He was loyalty itself. But the image of Elizabeth had straightway been eclipsed by one infinitely lovelier, and yet, in some strange way, recalling her own. There were glances, smiles, and aspects of this sweet Elizabeth that recalled a dozen times a day this dazzling creature whose sister she might well be. If inconstancy were here, Elizabeth must surely pardon it, since in adoring this stranger he seemed to adore her second self. Arthur therefore in these first moments of a mood that approached exultation was alive to the precise prosaic state of affairs. Elizabeth had refused, or at least silenced, him. Elizabeth was gone, and he felt glad! Glad for two reasons, first of all, because he could not bear the thought of forcing on her acceptance an affection charged with a heavy lien, and secondly, because he was, in sooth, bound hand and foot by another fancy. He had loved Elizabeth as fondly as an honest man can love a sweet girl till just two weeks ago. Since that time he had learned the meaning of a stronger word. He could now understand the desperate scot men pay to passion. It was therefore with a glad sense of disentanglement and relief that he saw the last puff of smoke fade from view, and returned to betake himself to his usual pursuits. Few Englishmen but rejoice at some time or other in the feeling of utter isolation. We like to be in a place where we may be married, or, for the matter of fact, buried, without causing an approach to a flutter. This kind of exaggerated reaction against personal vanity it is that impels men to abandon hearth and duty for the mere sake of escaping identity, fleeing from the self so terrible when reflected in the opinion of one's neighbors.

Arthur was far from carrying his feelings to such a pitch, but he did now revel in this utter remoteness from the world that knew him. For a short space he was to be ignored by society and his friends, as completely shut from view as reckless ice-men blocked up in north seas. He knew for a certainty that there was no countryman or country-woman of his on this island. In another week or two the German holiday-makers would begin to cross the sea. If he staid a month, the chances were that he should have his little paradise to himself. And one other!

CHAPTER XXII.

FIRST DAYS OF WAITING.

Arthur had not made up his mind to sit down and wait for such windfalls as chance might bring. Yet what may chance count for in a life that is life indeed? We play with words as we will. The thing called destiny is the shape into which a commanding spirit throws its existence.

He felt how frail was the tenure linking him to the ideal. Nothing in the wide world interested him now but the loveliness and the sorrow that already seemed remote and unreal as the things beheld in a dream. He dared hardly hope for a fulfillment of the lady's promise. Obstacles would be put in her way, or, at the last, she might be overtaken by timidity, and would shrink from confiding even in the word of an honest man, the honor of an Englishman. The more he pondered, the more he felt that this moving adventure was drifting from him, and receding into the dim tracks of memory. It was for him to make illusions tangible, to translate phantoms into the living reality. Yes, he could, he must see her again. Come what might, he would here bend circumstance to his will.

There was time enough to deliberate upon the best mode of effecting his purpose, and solitude is very favorable to the forming of plans. None of us perhaps are sufficiently alone. If the time spent in listening to opinions we do not intend to take were devoted to a close scrutiny of the matter in hand, how much more expeditiously the business of life would be got through! In affairs of individual concern, each must be his own Nestor. August was but half out, and not till September could his beautiful protégée be free, so at least she had said during their last interview. There was no need, then, for precipitate action on his part. For another week or two he could afford to dawdle deliciously as before, sketch, make little cruises or excursions on foot, do the hundred and one things flirtation had prevented him from doing hitherto. Arthur was thorough in the least little thing. In spite of the new impressions and emotions mastering him, he determined to carry out his original plan, and explore this wonderful island from end to end before going back to England. So next day, as the weather was superlatively fine, he set off for the one spot that had fascinated him most of all, the Black Lake, that lovely little sheet of water in the heart of the forest, so silvery bright in the mid-day sunshine, so purply dark under a sunless heaven, when the limpid water reflected the dense beechen shadow as in a mirror.

This legendary place had singularly attracted him from the first, and as yet he had not been able to enjoy it alone. Instead of making the climb through the forest, a glorious three hours' walk, he now engaged a skiff to take him round the foreland, thus reaching the lake from above.

Nothing could be more fairy-like than this cruise of an hour in glassy waters close under the cliffs and hanging gardens of the forest. The silveriness of these natural parapets, the rich foliage mantling many a scarp, the rare purity and pearliness of sea and sky, made up an ineffable whole. Such a day and such a scene could but move Arthur Venning, whose appreciation of certain delicate phases of nature and art almost approached an extra sense. As yet these subtler impressions had not touched the inner life of feeling and emotion, but he was now in the mood when the ideal, the poetic, the best that is in man or woman, asserts itself. He felt, moreover, those secret promptings, those welcome yet disturbing prophecies of the new, fuller, deeper existence that had hitherto been only the unspoken spiritual or at least intellectual part of him. Noble aspirations, soul-reaching whispers and trumpet calls, solemn claims and admonitions. What generous mind that lends itself to the guidance of the poet, the philosopher, the artist, is insensible to these? But when the voice heard is that of the man's own soul speaking to himself, ah, then the purpose of his being is already half fulfilled! He can rest content with commonness never any more. Far from resisting the influences at work both within and without, Arthur yielded to them. It was the first time that deepest feeling, the second intenser self that makes us what we are, had made itself audible.

He hearkened, readier to obey than to parley, much less hold back. By some rare chance, nothing occurred to jar his mood. When he quitted the boat and, knapsack on shoulder, climbed to the top of the wooded foreland, he found the place comparatively deserted.

A fortnight ago the chalet gardens were animated as by a bivouacking army, not a bed to be had for love or money, not a cup of coffee except after an hour's waiting, every rustic bench occupied, host, neat handed Phyllises, and waiters blowzed with running.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

To-day a few stragglers disported themselves under the trees, one or two carry-alls full of excursionists drove up just as Arthur arrived, but it was evident that the tourist season was already on the wane. Truth to tell, a late spell of bad weather had driven away numbers, and September being at hand, not many were venturesome enough to come. In this pleasant chalet thus nestled amid ancient beechen trees, Arthur took up his quarters to nurse his dreams and build his air castles. Never was a spot more in keeping with those visions and reveries that seem so unsubstantial and phantasmal a man can not choose but keep to himself.

From this eyrie, perched midway between sea and sky, he might drop a pebble into the glassy waters hundreds of feet below, or, on the other side, by delicious woodland ways, get down to the little lake embosomed in the very heart of the forest. Brooding stillness, mystery, enchantment, everywhere. All kinds of legends and historic myths, the earliest in this part of christendom, were associated with this little tarn, so magically lovely in the broad light of a summer day, so eerie and fraught with mysterious gloom under a clouded heaven or pale sublunar radiance. Stage upon stage, spur upon spur, the dense beechen forest encircled it with a green wall, shutting out all but the meridian sun. The water-lilies needed no more, and wonderful was it to see them, their mimic constellations in a fairy firmament. There was all the charm of contrast here, yet a feeling of congruity. But for these globes, pure as ivory, bright as gold, gleaming out of the dark, the place would have been too weird, too uncanny, for mortal eyes to gaze on with pleasure. The water-lilies irradiated the lake, broke it up into a thousand smiles, laughed away for the nonce the significant awfulness of its very name!

"I will make a drawing here," Arthur said, "and perhaps by the time it is done I may hit upon an expedient."

In other words, he wanted to devise some way of communicating with the lady of the flowers. He knew that his letters would follow him safely enough to this remote spot—when did a letter go astray in the well-drilled German Empire?—but he did not feel at all sure that the one letter he now waited for would ever be written. Not one but a thousand things might stand in the way, so hard is it for those who have once tasted despair to make an effort on behalf of happiness. He could not have misread those wistful eyes. She had drained the bitter chalice, and when the time for resolve should come, was as likely to yield to what would wear the shape of implacable destiny as to flee toward deliverance. But she should be rescued, and by him. He had made up his mind so far with very little trouble. How to effect his purpose was a matter requiring much more deliberation.

The month of September, so eagerly looked for, had come at last. Arthur might now fairly expect a sign, or use such expedient as he should hit upon. Nor was there any time to lose. September has but thirty days, and the island was ofttimes cut off from all communication with the mainland in October; so, at least, folks said. To wait on a fair Eden, islanded from the vulgar world, for a mirage was all very well. To be ice-bound in these Northern seas in company of a few fishers made him already shiver to think of, especially when the wind bellowed from all quarters, and a swirling rain darkened the heavens and deluged the land. Several days of such weather were now his portion in the chalet above the Black Lake; but with half a dozen sketches to finish, a volume or two of George Sand, and all kinds of bright audacious hopes within his breast, he found such imprisonment delightful. Seven months of it might not pass so quickly.

On a sudden, however, the storm vanished as some evil genius miraculously driven out, and this forest world became a perfect place. Arthur hardly gave himself time to drink in the unspeakable deliciousness of these first golden days of autumn, so busy was his mind now with the problem that must be solved soon or never.

Not an expedient, not a shift, escaped his alert mind, and he thought he had at last hit upon a safe means of communicating with the beautiful prisoner, when his wishes were brought about in a wholly unlooked-for manner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NEW BARGE OFFICE.

The reflux tide of European travel now pouring into the port of New York is greatly agitated by the new and recently adopted customs regulations affecting the disposition of baggage. Formerly, after a brief detention at Quarantine, the incoming steamer proceeded to its dock in the city, and there landed its passengers. On the pier they met their friends, and their baggage was examined by a detail of inspectors from the Barge Office. The passengers made their declarations to officers who boarded the steamer as she left Quarantine, and the time occupied in coming up to the city and entering the dock was generally sufficient to have this accomplished quietly and comfortably.

Under the present arrangement, which has been in operation but two weeks, the steamer must come to anchor off the Quarantine Station on Staten Island. From the station the boat of the Health Officer is followed by the transfer steamer, which runs alongside and makes fast. At the same time a revenue tug steams down from the city, and several officers, wearing tall white hats and big silver badges, step aboard. They are provided with printed passenger lists, and, seated at the saloon tables, they proceed to take the declarations of passengers as to the number of their packages and their contents, checking from the list each name as it is reached. Each declaration is entered on a printed form, which is numbered and laid aside, while to the passenger is given a ticket inscribed with the same number as the form.

Most New-Yorkers returning from abroad recognize in the transfer boats their old acquaintances the *Thomas Hunt*, *Pomona*, and others, late of the Staten Island North Shore Ferry service; for their owner, Mr. Starin, has obtained the transfer contract. Passengers are carried from Quarantine to the city free of charge, but for every piece of baggage thus transferred Mr. Starin receives sixty-seven cents. It has been roughly estimated that at this rate his net income from this source alone will be nearly $50,000 annually.

By the time the baggage has been collected in huge piles on the lower deck of one of these ex-ferry-boats, the passengers are ready to leave the steamer, and a light bridge is thrown across to the hurricane deck of the transfer boat for their accommodation. At length, after a detention often of hours, the transfer is effected, and the Starin boat, with her load of cabin passengers and baggage, steams away toward the battery, while the great ship that they have just left, with the steerage passengers and their baggage still on board, proceeds to her dock.

The new Barge Office, toward which the transfer boat is making her way, is a handsome structure of granite and iron, located at the lower end of Battery Park, between the Staten Island Ferry Slip and Whitehall Stairs. It is surmounted by a round granite tower, above which float the eagle and the perpendicular red and white stripes of the United States revenue flag. On the first floor of the main building, besides a few offices, is a spacious and comfortably furnished waiting-room, in which the friends of homeward-bound travellers may await their arrival. A wide doorway in the side opposite the main entrance opens on a short flight of steps that lead down into an inclosure surrounded by an iron railing, and resembling that part of a theatre set apart for the orchestra. It is on the main floor, and occupies a small portion of the great "shed annex," in which passengers and baggage are landed from the transfer boats, and where the examinations are made. Thus, while new arrivals are not free to leave the annex until after their baggage has been examined and passed, they may hold close communion with the friends who greet them from behind the railing. It is not so high but that kisses and embraces may be exchanged over it, nor so low but that it fully answers the purpose for which it was intended.

The "shed annex," or examination-room, is large, airy, well lighted, steam-heated, and admirably suited to the exigencies of the service. It is 172 feet long by 110 wide, has thirteen entrances from the sides and outer end of the massive stone pier that it almost entirely covers, and can accommodate at one time a thousand passengers and their baggage.

Upon landing from the transfer boat the passengers enter this great iron shed, and find their friends awaiting them behind the iron railing at its further side. While they are exchanging greetings, an army of porters are trundling the baggage in from the boat, and depositing it in long alphabetical rows, according to the first letter of its owner's surname. Near the railed inclosure about which the passengers are gathered stand a row of blue-coated and brass-buttoned inspectors. In front of them stands a deputy, who holds the printed forms containing each passenger's declaration. As the passenger presents his ticket to this officer, he selects the form bearing the corresponding number, and hands it to one of the waiting inspectors, who goes with the passenger to where his own particular pieces of baggage are awaiting examination. After his baggage has been examined and passed, the passenger may, if he chooses, relieve himself of further care of it by turning it over to one of the uniformed expressmen who are in waiting, and who will give him a check for it, and will deliver it promptly at his residence or hotel.

No passenger is allowed to pass out until the examination of all the baggage is completed. When at length he is at liberty, he finds himself on the edge of one of the prettiest small parks of the city, and close to the termini of four lines of elevated and three lines of surface railway, a stage line, and four ferries, two to Brooklyn and two to Staten Island. He will also find any number of carriages and cabs in waiting to convey him to his destination.

The advantages of the new system are so greatly in excess of its disadvantages that the latter are hardly worthy of mention, especially as some of the most serious are certain to disappear in time. Instead of being fully occupied while coming up the bay in making declarations and gathering together small traps preparatory to landing, the incoming passenger has ample leisure to look about him and become familiar with many of the salient features of the city he is approaching.

Instead of being landed on a dirty pier choked with freight and trucks, from which a steamer on the opposite side is perhaps just taking her departure, he finds himself in a quiet, spacious building, where everything is arranged to facilitate the business on hand. To be sure, he may not be able to rush at once into the arms of his friends, but then it always was a nuisance to have one's friends crowding around, asking distracting questions, and gazing curiously at the contents of one's trunks. It is rather consoling, after being assured that they are really on hand, waiting for you behind the iron railing, to know that the same railing that keeps you from them will prevent their nearer approach during the uncomfortable ordeal of baggage examination. It is such a relief to have the soiled linen and other unpleasant features of your wardrobe reserved solely for the eyes of the official, who takes no note of such things, or of your similarly circumstanced fellow-passengers.

There are always plenty of inspectors ready for duty at the Barge Office, and there will be no waiting for them to come, as was sometimes the case on the piers. The Barge Office is steam-heated and gas-lighted, and the waiting-room is warm and comfortable, all of which is in great contrast to the cold, dirty, cheerless sheds of the North River piers.

The whole system is precisely the same as that in vogue on the other side, where at Liverpool the passenger passes from his steamer in the Mersey to the little transfer boat that conveys him and his baggage to the landing-stage. There he is met by inspectors who discharge their duties with great expedition, because they have to search but for two dutiable articles, tobacco and spirits, while the dutiable articles of the American list number nearly three thousand.

Kirk Munroe.

SECRETARY FOLGER.

The Hon. Charles James Folger, Secretary of the United States Treasury, whose death occurred on the 4th inst., was about sixty-six years of age. He was a native of Nantucket, but when a boy of twelve, was taken by his father to Geneva, in this State, where he made his home the remainder of his life.

After his graduation at Hobart College, he studied law in the office of Mark H. Sibley & Alvah Worden, of Canandaigua, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. In 1844 he was appointed first Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Ontario County, and in 1851 he was elected County Judge of Ontario County. In 1861 he was elected State Senator from the Ontario District, and served continuously until 1869. He was President *pro tem.* of the Senate for four years, and Chairman of the Judiciary Committee for his whole term of service in the Senate. In 1869 he was re-elected to the State Senate, but resigned to accept the position of Assistant Treasurer of the United States, in this city, tendered to him by President Grant. He resigned that office in 1870, upon being elected Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals. In 1867, while a State Senator, he was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention. When Chief Judge Church died, in May, 1880, he was appointed by Governor Cornell to fill the vacancy, and in November following he was elected to the place for the full term of fourteen years. In 1881 he accepted the place in President Arthur's cabinet which he held till the day of his death.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The British Association, in session at Montreal, showed no disposition to dispute the claim that the Greely party went farther north than man ever had gone before. Though the fact was brought before the Association just after Lieutenant Greely had been very warmly received, it can not be said with reason that the scientific men of that body would have permitted their enthusiasm to get the better of their sense of duty, and cause them to let pass unchallenged a statement unworthy to take its place among the cold facts to which their lives are devoted. So it may be regarded as established beyond further question that whatever credit there is in having made the nearest approach to the north pole belongs to Americans, until other explorers shall pass the mark made by them.

The Association heard the report of Professor Archibald as to the conclusions of a committee of the Royal Meteorological Society regarding the cause of the remarkable red sunsets of a little less than a year ago. It was set forth that information received from all parts of the world went to show that the phenomenon was produced by dust thrown into the air at the time of the tremendous volcanic eruptions near Java. The dust seemed to travel at the rate of two thousand miles a day, and to spread over all the earth. In reporting these conclusions Professor Archibald said that the evidence supporting them, though strong, was of a negative character. The assembled savants did not combat the conclusions, though it will be remembered that many scientific men made light of a similar explanation of the phenomenon at the time of its occurrence.

Speaking of dust, an interesting question was presented to the savants in the course of a lecture on "Dust" by Professor Lodge. It was whether ocean steam-ships could not carry powerful electric machines which would discharge from the mast-heads showers of sparks that would condense the mist and turn it to rain.

Lieutenant Greely told the Association that he was of the opinion that the pole of greatest cold might shift about the geographical pole somewhat after the manner of the magnetic pole. At his station the mean temperature for a year was thirty-seven degrees below the freezing-point, making it the coldest spot on the earth, so far as observations have been made. The pole of greatest cold, he said, has been placed generally in Siberia.

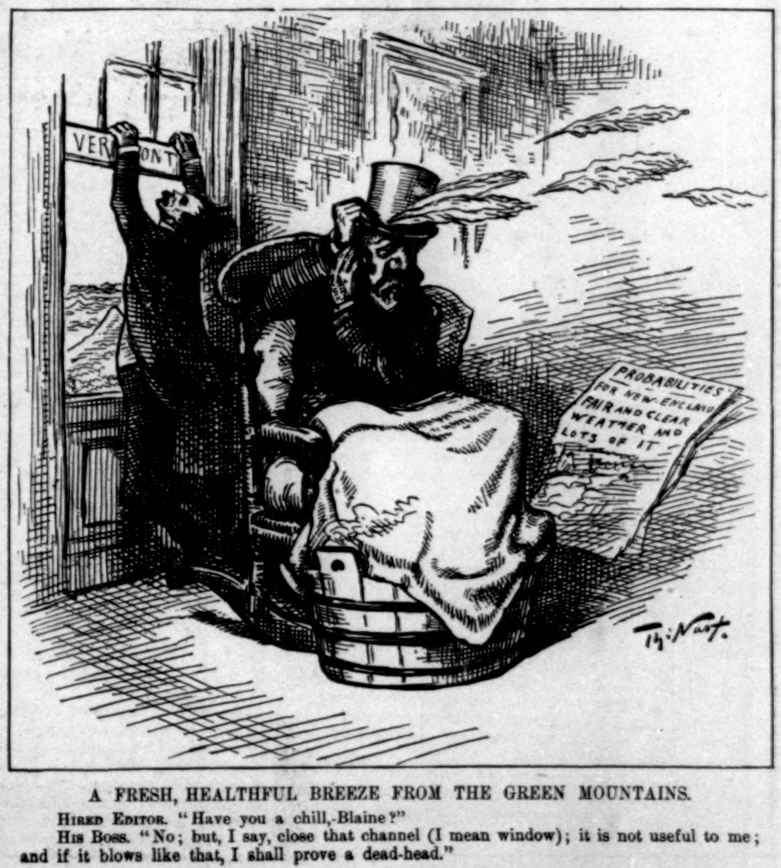
The subject of seasickness, while it did not come up for deliberation, was brought up incidentally in the course of the speech-making on the occasion of the Association's visit to Quebec, and Lord Rayleigh, President of the Association, observed that he could authoritatively say that its members would regard as a public benefactor the medical man who should devise some means of putting a stop to *mal de mer*.

It is said that more thermometers are sold in Washington than in any other American city of equal size. The incessant fluctuations of the mercury, it is explained, wear out the tubes.

The Postmaster-General of England has informed the telephone companies that he is prepared to grant licenses to allow them to connect with the postal telegraph offices. This, says the cable, will enable subscribers to the telephone companies to telegraph to any part of the United Kingdom without extra charge.

There is a suggestion of persistent loquacity in the name of Chin Yet which makes it more appropriate that he should be a lawyer than that he should continue as an opium den keeper.

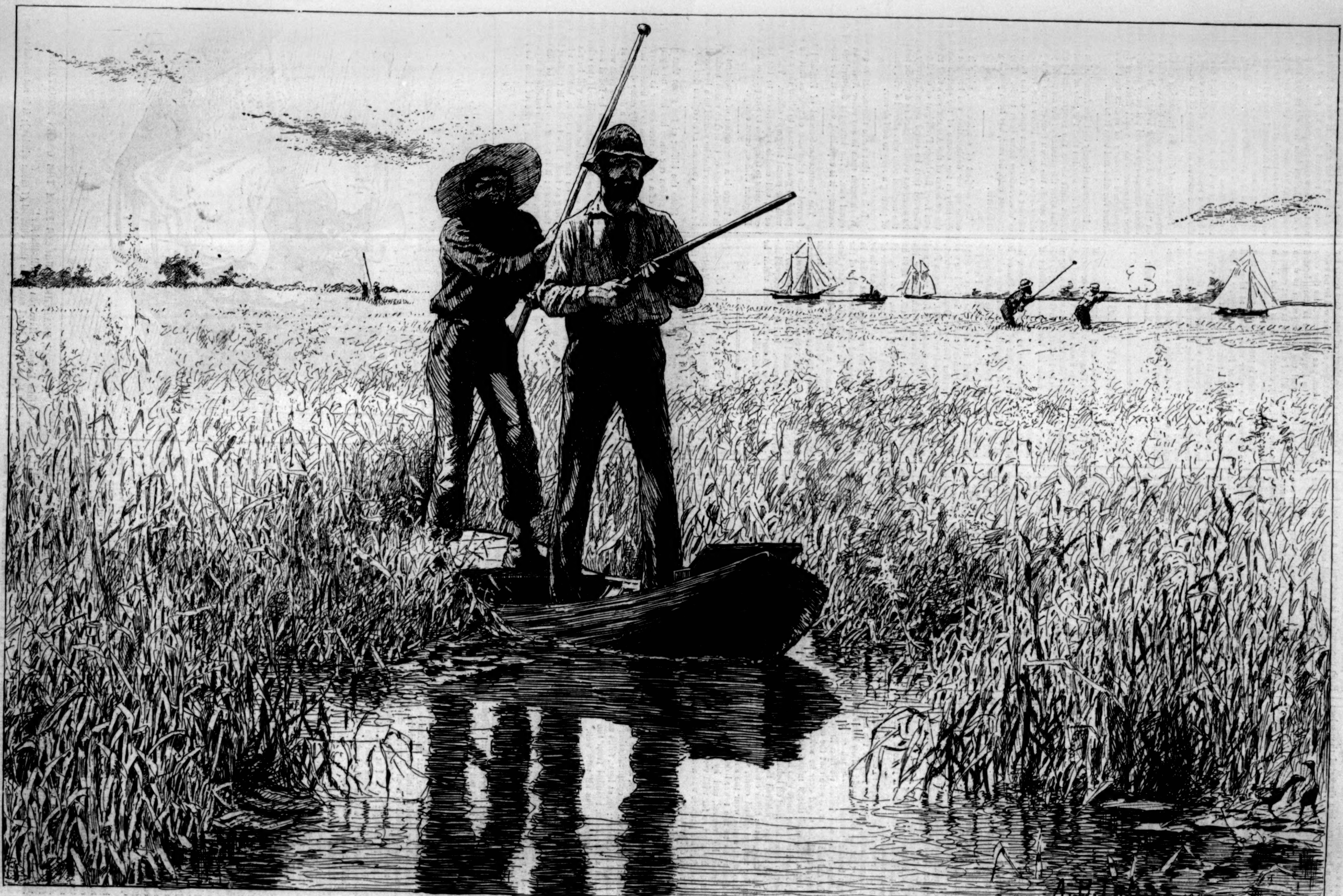
Since the killing of the goose that produced the golden egg there has been no such folly as that of a certain store-keeper in Denver. This tradesman has written to his brother in the East that a ranchman recently came down from the mountains and sold him a dozen hens at twenty-five cents apiece. Two of the hens were killed, and in the crop of each he found seventy-five cents' worth of natural gold. If the other crops pan out as well, he says, he will be six dollars ahead on the dozen fowls, besides what they bring as food. His brother in the East has told the story; it is going the rounds of the newspapers, and all the mountain ranchmen around Denver will advance the price of hens to a dollar apiece.


VER ONT
PROBABILITIES FOR NEW-ENGLAND FAIR AND CLEAR WEATHER AND LOTS OF IT
Th: Nast.

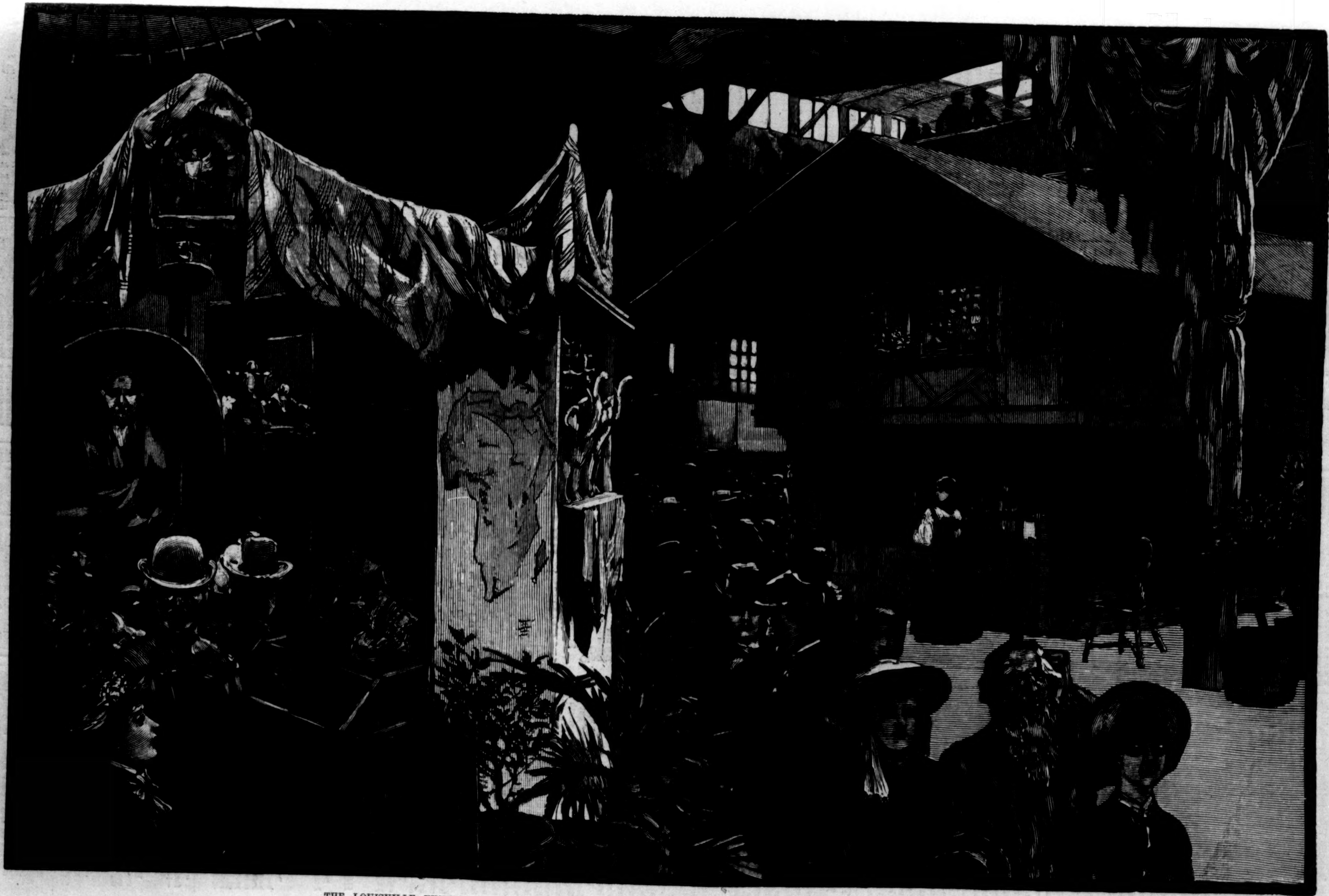
A FRESH, HEALTHFUL BREEZE FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

Hired Editor. "Have you a chill,-Blaine?"

His Boss. "No; but, I say, close that channel (I mean window); it is not useful to me; and if it blows like that, I shall prove a dead-head."


A B FROST 1884

RAIL SHOOTING.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.



THE LOUISVILLE EXHIBITION—VIEW OF THE SWISS CHALET AND SURROUNDINGS.—Drawn by J. H. Farny.—[See Page 604.]

BISHOP PIERCE.

The Methodist Episcopal Church South, in the death of its senior Bishop, Rev. Dr. George Foster Pierce, has sustained a great loss. He died at his home in Sparta, Georgia, where he had been lying ill for several days. His health had been feeble for some time, and he had rapidly declined since his return from Culverton camp-meeting on the 13th of last month, where he had preached with great earnestness and power. His throat gave him great trouble, making the taking of nourishment extremely difficult. In this enfeebled condition he was stricken with fever, the force of which his constitution was unable to withstand. Bishop Pierce's last public act was the rededication, about two weeks ago, of the newly built Methodist church at Goshen, which was one of his first charges after entering the ministry.

Bishop Pierce was the son of the late venerable and distinguished Dr. Lovick Pierce, and was born in Greene County, Georgia, February 3, 1811. He designed in his youth to enter the profession of law, but turned from his studies, and in his twentieth year was admitted into the Georgia Conference. Possessed of superior pulpit abilities, as well as scholarly attainments, he commanded prominence in South Carolina and Georgia. He was prominent in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, although a young man, in sustaining the Southern view of the question at issue. He was also a member of the Louisville Convention in 1845, and of the General Conference of the Church South in 1846. In 1848 he was elected President of Emory College, and held the position until 1854, when he was elevated to the episcopacy. He was very refined and courtly in his manners, scholarly, and of aristocratic carriage; tall without being portly; gentlemanly in dress, with piercing eyes, and a benign countenance. The principal work from his pen is entitled *Incidents of Western Travel*. He has written much and well on education and Church topics for the Church press.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

The Southern Industrial Exposition at Louisville, Kentucky, that attracted so much attention last autumn on account of its magnitude and the thoroughly business-like nature of all its arrangements, was reopened on the 18th of last month. As a business venture the complete success of this year's exhibition is already assured, for the numbers of paying visitors now being admitted to the buildings are in excess of those of corresponding weeks last year.

One of the most attractive features this year is the War Memorial Department, in which is displayed the largest number of mementos and relics of the rebellion ever gathered together. They are from every battle-field, are contributed by both sides, and illustrate every leading incident of the great struggle, from John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry to Johnston's surrender. In this department is kept a register of every soldier visitor to the Exposition, and its pages are rapidly filling with the names of those to whom the relics surrounding them are objects of living interest.

These huge expositions, which have within a few years become so popular throughout the West and South, are the direct outgrowth of State fairs, and the reproduction upon a grand scale of the time-honored American Institute fairs of New York and the Mechanics' fairs of Boston. They fully deserve all the success with which they are invariably attended, for as public educators they are unequaled. It has been truly said of this Louisville Exposition that a four weeks' study of its exhibits will give the young farmer or mechanic a more liberal education than the same number of years spent in college.

One of the most interesting of the earlier attractions of the Exposition was the competitive military drill, the first prize for which was won by the Treadway Reserves of St. Louis, who bore off the honors from six competitors.

The illustration given on page 603 is of the exhibits made by the United States Interior Department and the Swiss Colony in Kentucky.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

Dr. Henry, New York, says: "In nervous diseases, I know of no preparation to equal it.—[*Adv.*]

A GOOD MANY FAILURES.

During the year 1883 there were 10,568 failures in business in the United States and Canada. Some of these were big concerns, and some were very small. Failure is sorrowful business to any man, especially if it is his health that fails. A great many times 10,568 people fail in health in the course of a year. Many of them might be saved if they would take Brown's Iron Bitters, the great family medicine and restorer of wasted health.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Pain" Plaster.—Poroused, strengthening, for Backache, Pains in the Chest, Rheumatism, 25c. —[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Dentist" Tooth Powder. Try it. 15c.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.—[*Adv.*]

Electro-Silicon is absolutely free from all chemicals, polishes silverware with less labor than any other article. —[*Adv.*]

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt-rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.—[*Adv.*]

DO NOT LEAVE THE CITY

Without a bottle of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment. It is worth its weight in gold; all stomach complaints immediately cured by it. Warranted for thirty-seven years, and never failed. Sold by all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

A PURE AND EFFECTIVE HAIR DRESSING.

Cocoaine, a compound of Cocoanut Oil, beautifies the hair and is sure to allay all itching and irritation of the scalp. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and strength.—[*Adv.*]

Prevalence of Kidney Complaint in America; "Buchu-paiba" is a quick, complete cure. $1.—[*Adv.*]

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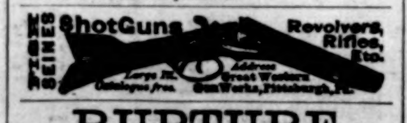
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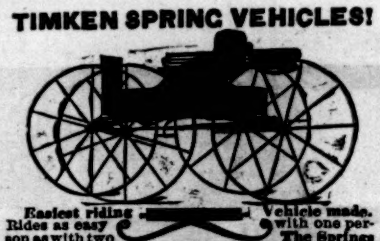

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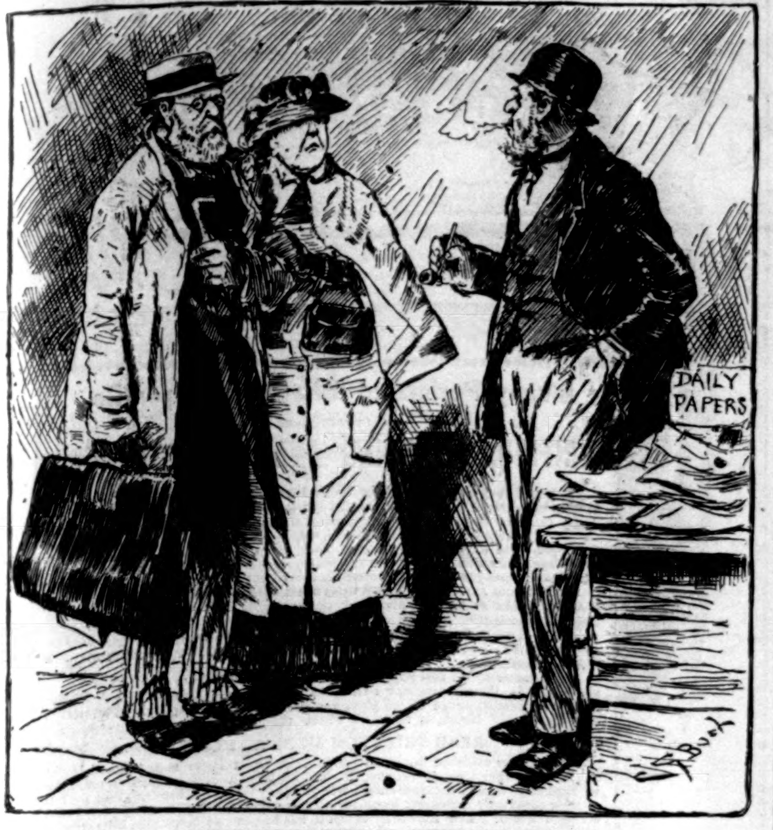

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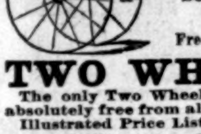

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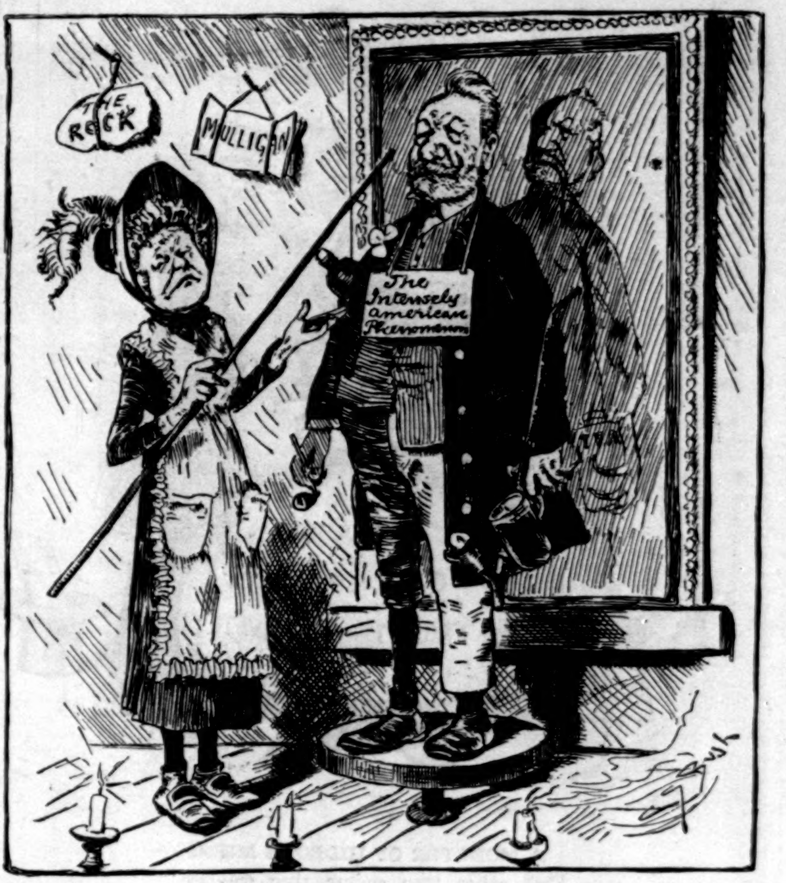

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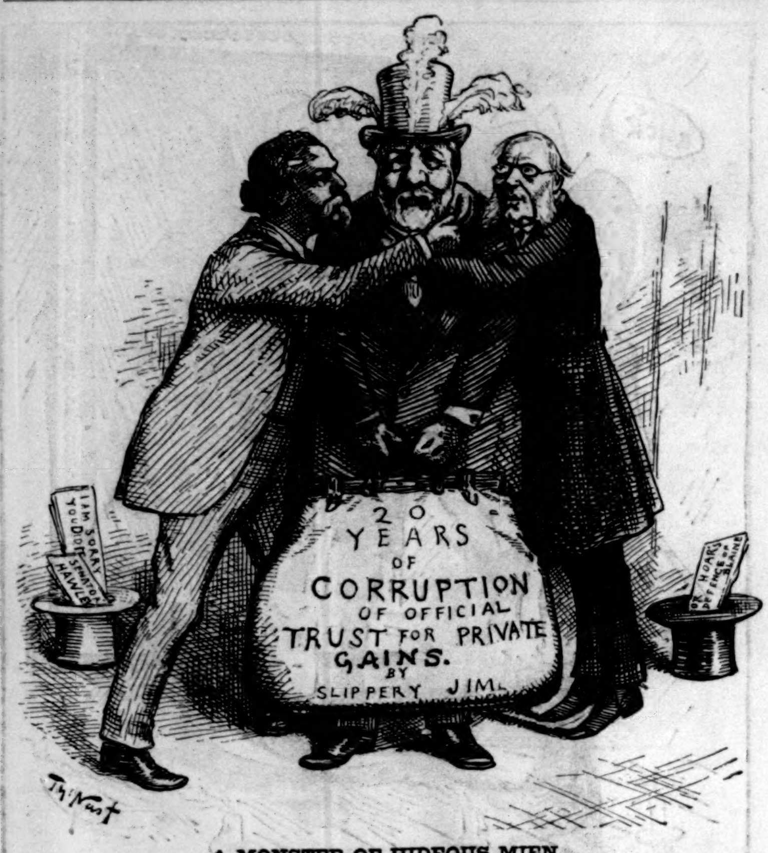
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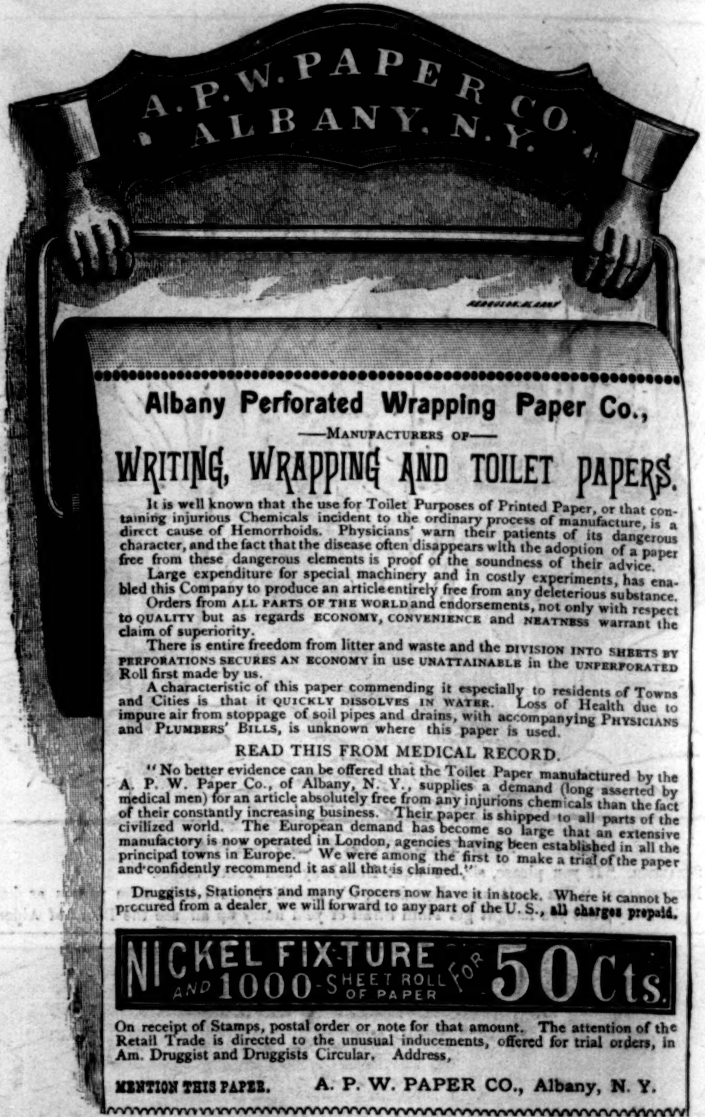
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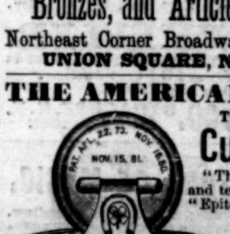

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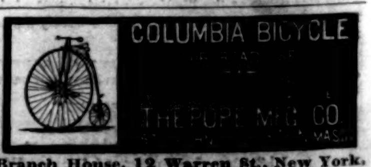

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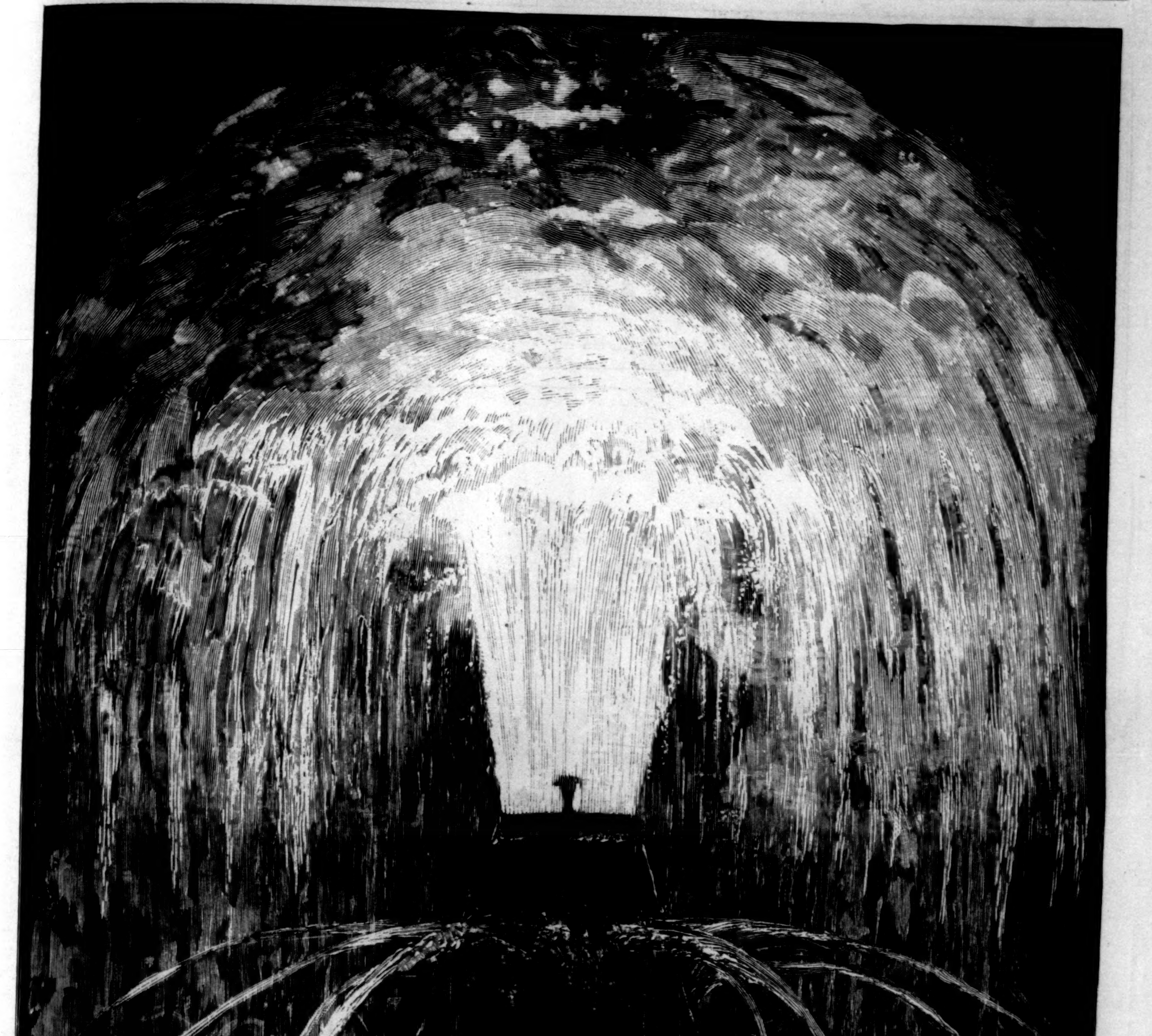

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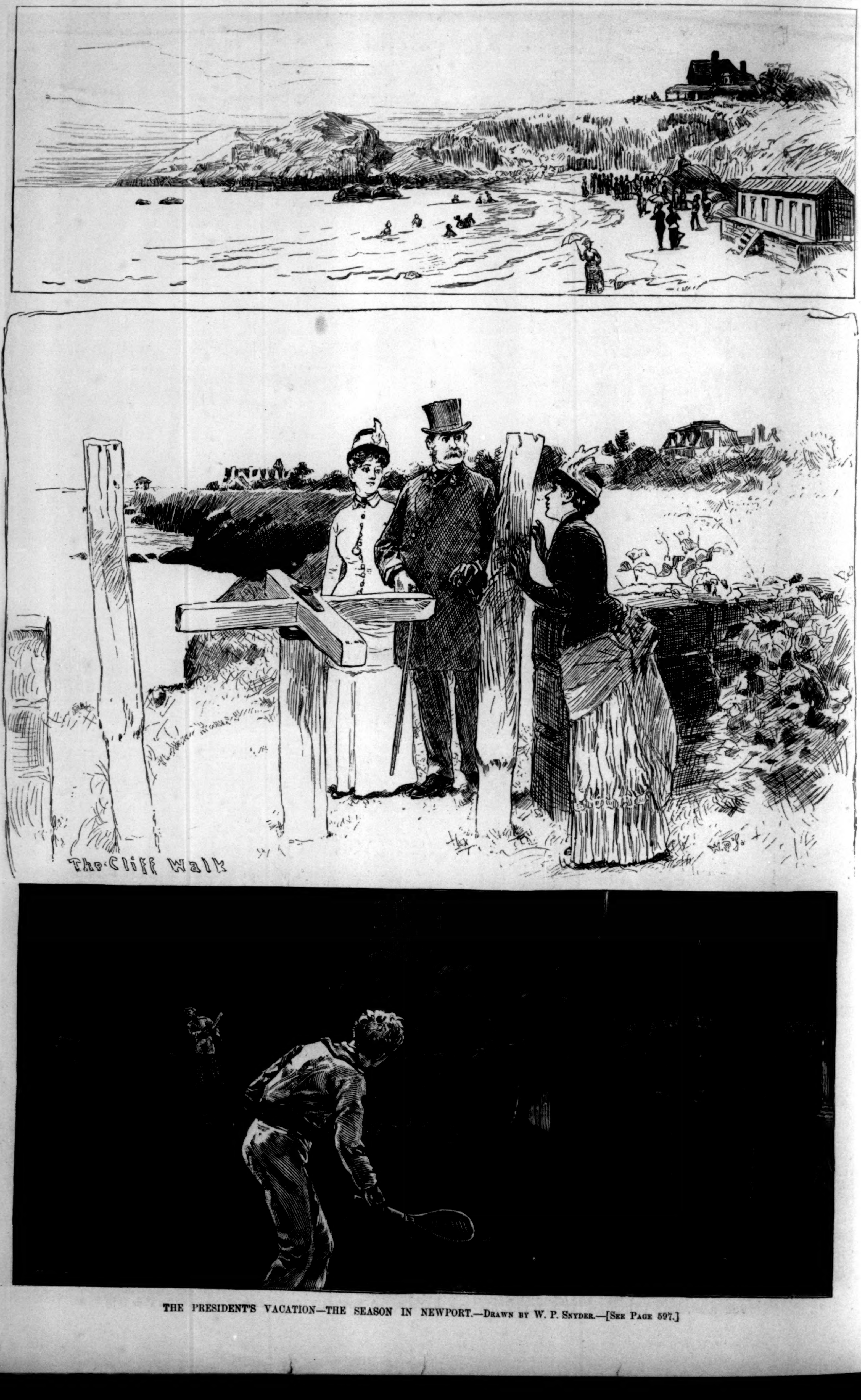
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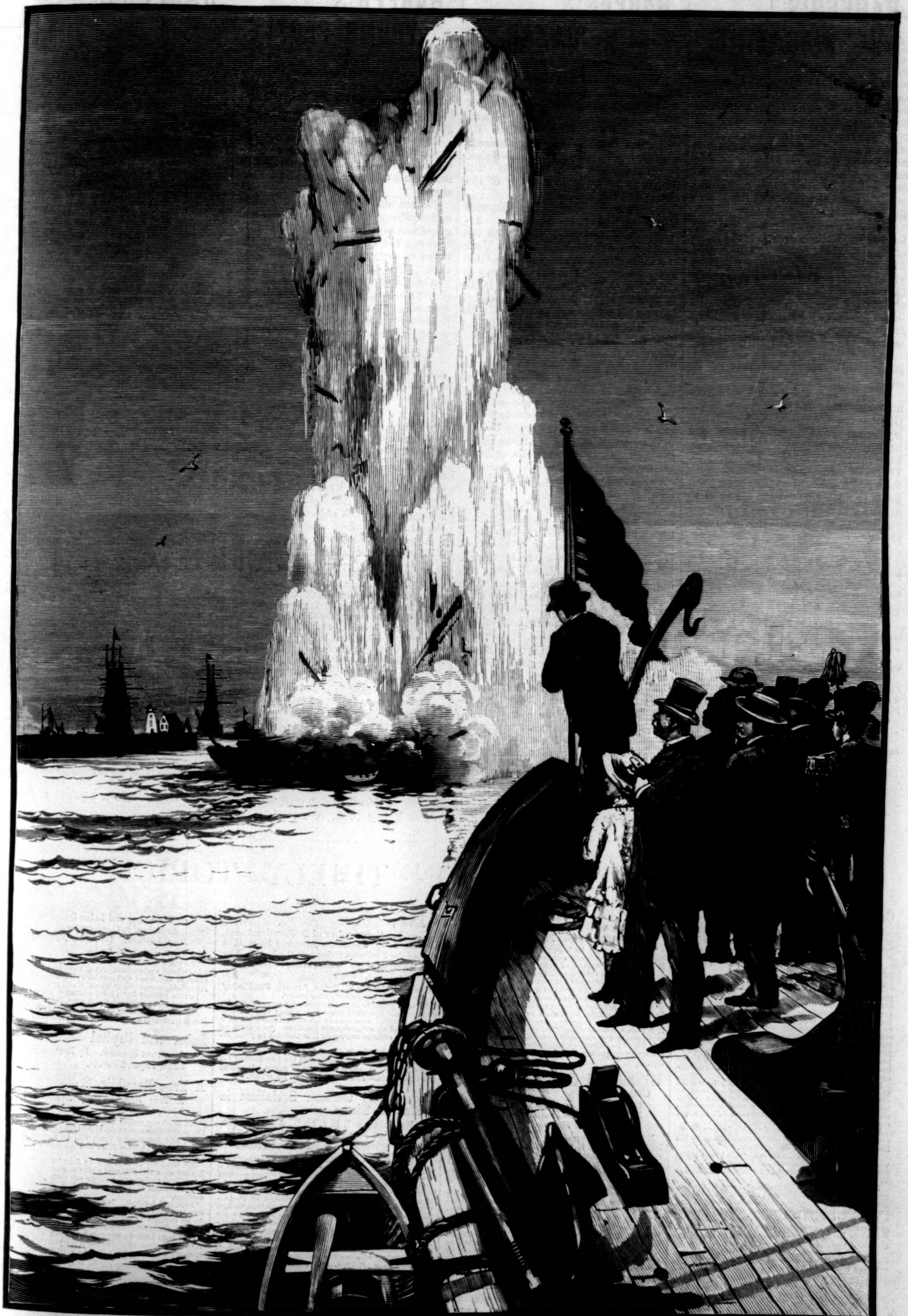

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